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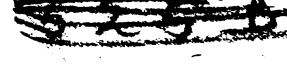

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

Hester (Mulso)

By Mrs. CHAPONE,

AUTHOR OF

LETTERS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

The THIRD EDITION.

To which is now first added,

A LETTER to a new-married LADY.

LONDON:
Printed for E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry;
And J. WALTER, Charing-Cross.

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MISCEL-

TO

Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.

DEAR MADAM,

AS my preſumption, in offering this little volume to the public, has been principally excited by you, and your admirable friend Mrs. MONTAGU, it is fit you ſhould take your ſhare of whatever

blame it may incur. After a courſe of years, which ſhould have added to my judgment what it has taken from my imagination, and in which vanity and ambition have been ſufficiently repreſſed by affliction, to produce to the world the trifling performances of my youth, which I then had modeſty enough to conceal, is, I muſt confeſs, what my own feelings would never have dictated, had not two ſuch friends, whoſe judgment and ſincerity I could not diſtruſt, pronounced that ſo it muſt be. With ſuch ſupporters, however, I think myſelf

ſecure

ſecure againſt contempt, and that when it ſhall be known that both my youth and age have been bleſſed and honoured with the friendſhip of Mrs. CARTER, the world will be diſpoſed to treat me with kindneſs, unleſs that kindneſs ſhould be intercepted by envy.

The following little poems you know were moſt of them written when I was very young, and all of them (except the tranſlations) many years ago; the laſt has already appeared in a far more honourable ſtation, at the head of your

admirable tranſlation of Epictetus; but as many perſons read poetry who do not read philoſophy, I am adviſed to reprint it here.

The proſe eſſays (excepting the Story of Fidelia, which appeared in the Adventurer) are late compoſitions. I fear the greater number of my readers may think them too ſtrongly tinctured with that ſerioufneſs, which has long been the prevailing habit of my mind; while others, of a more ſimilar caſt of thought, may poſſibly be led by them to uſeful and improving re-

flections. If in any mind they ſhould raiſe or ſtrengthen a ſingle ſentiment favourable to virtue, I ſhall be better rewarded than by the moſt univerſal applauſes of the public.

Eſteemed and honoured as is my excellent friend, amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of this country, I perſuade myſelf that ſhe will not diſdain my humbler teſtimony to that worth, which I prefer to all the learning and genius that have gained her the general admiration of the world; but

but that ſhe will allow me to boaſt of a title, which I conſider as the higheſt honour, that of

her moſt affectionate,

and faithful friend,

Wardour-ſtreet,
Jan. 20, 1775.

H. CHAPONE.

CON-

MISCELLANIES.

ESSAY I.

On Affectation and Simplicity.

IF I was aſked which of all the qualities that conſtitute an amiable character would ſingly go fartheſt in gaining my love and admiration, I ſhould anſwer, without heſitation, *Simplicity*. I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf peculiar in this preference; for I have obſerved the general attraction of this quality, which operates even on thoſe who are themſelves moſt deficient in it. How comes it then to paſs that an exceſſive deſire of admiration always ſhews itſelf in *Affectation* of ſome kind or other? That every one ſhould,

in proportion to the ſtrength of this deſire, act in a manner which moſt effectually defeats the accompliſhment of it, is ſurely a phenomenon in the moral world, not unworthy the enquiry of philoſophers.

Affectation is ſo univerſally acknowledged to be diſguſting, that it is among the faults which the moſt intimate friends cannot venture gravely to reprove in each other; for, to tell your friends that they are habitually affected, is to tell them that they are habitually diſagreeable; which nobody can bear to hear. I beg leave therefore, as a general friend, without offending any one, to whiſper to all thoſe whoſe hearts confeſs that vanity has inſpired them with any ſort of affectation, *that it never does, nor ever can ſucceed as a means of pleaſing.*

I have a thouſand times wiſhed to tell *Flirtilla*, that the efforts ſhe makes to be conſtantly in motion, and perpetually

petually giggling, do not paſs upon me for the vivacity of youth: I ſee they coſt her a great deal of trouble, and it gives me an irritation of nerves to look at her; ſo that it would have been much for her eaſe and mine, could I have ventured to beg that ſhe would always in my preſence give way to her natural languor and dulneſs, which would be far more agreeable to me.

Glorioſa, whenever a remarkable inſtance of generoſity or goodneſs is mentioned, takes infinite pains, with the moſt pompous eloquence, to convince me that the action ſeems poor to the greatneſs of *her* ſoul — that *ſhe* ſhould think half her fortune a trifling gift to a worthy friend — that ſhe would rather ſuffer the moſt exquiſite pain herſelf, than ſee a fellow-creature, tho' a ſtranger, endure it — and that it is a nobler effort in *her* to *refrain* from the moſt generous actions, than it would be in the greateſt miſer to

perform them. — I long to let her know, that the only effect theſe declarations produce in my mind is, a doubt, which I ſhould otherwiſe never have entertained, whether ſhe really poſſeſſes even the common portion of good-nature and benevolence.

Humanus, on the other hand, need not be ſo much aſhamed of his tenderneſs and goodneſs of heart — which is the only agreeable part of his character, and which all his affected roughneſs and inſenſibility cannot hide. Be content, good Humanus; you never can attain the reputation to which you aſpire, of a ſtern unfeeling heart; we all know you are good-natured and affectionate; and it is for the ſake of theſe qualities alone that we endure all the diſguſting airs of brutality you give yourſelf.

Poor young *Saunter*, having obſerved that the few men of faſhion and fortune who admit him into their company

company are gamesters and debauchées, thinks nothing more is necessary to make him appear like a man of fashion and fortune than to be thought a gamester and a debauchée. To this end he really practises some vices, and professes many more. He will entertain you for hours with boasting of ruinous betts which he never made, and riotous debauches of which he never was guilty. But nobody believes him: every body knows that the poor young man would be sober enough, if he thought it genteel; and, notwithstanding the great spirit with which he professes to despise his too indulgent father, and to wish him dead, there are strong suspicions that he is not absolutely without natural affection, and that he really does not behave ill to the good old man, except in the article of spending too much of his money. Let me perswade you, Saunter, to make an ex-

periment, whether the world would not receive you as well with a few good qualities, as with all the bad ones you aſſume. If you find it does not ſucceed, you may more eaſily return to the ways of vice, than you could to thoſe of virtue ſhould you delay much longer, and ſhould you ever have ſenſe enough to perceive what a deſpicable animal vanity has made you.

The important airs and inſolence of a rich mechanic juſt ſetting up for a gentleman, is not a more deciſive mark of a low-lived man, than the overſtrained humility of *Superbia* is of an immeaſurable pride. Whilſt ſhe depreciates herſelf in every ſentence, and affects to exalt her companions ſo far above her, that ſhe will ſcarcely allow herſelf worthy to converſe with them, ſhe makes them feel her proud condeſcenſion in a manner that is more offenſive than the moſt

moſt openly aſſumed ſuperiority. Her aim is, to place in the ſtrongeſt point of view the advantages ſhe has, or thinks ſhe has, over them, and then to be ſuppoſed ſuperior in herſelf to all thoſe advantages, and adorned with ſuch humility as muſt heighten their reſpect and admiration. Poor woman! ſhe fails in both theſe aims. Her affected humility renders her contemptibly ridiculous; and her real pride arms every body's ſelf-love againſt her, and diſpoſes them to undervalue thoſe circumſtances on which they ſee ſhe founds her conſequence.

As liars often preſume ſo far on the politeneſs of the company — which forbids the flat contradiction of a matter of fact — as to utter the moſt palpable falſehoods; ſo the perſons I have deſcribed preſume, on the ſame grounds, that every one they converſe with is the dupe of their affectation. A little better opinion of the ſagacity

of others would ſave both the *affected* and the *cunning* a world of unneceſſary trouble. Cunning does indeed ſometimes ſucceed in deceiving the particular perſon to whom it is applied; but a man characteriſtically artful is almoſt always ſeen through by the generality of the world. Affected geſtures, manner, or ſentiments in converſation are obvious to every underſtanding: every one joins in pronouncing them ridiculous. — One of the moſt affected women I ever knew, ſaid to me once, in a tone of the utmoſt languor, "You know one "had better be *dead* than be *affected!*" — thus, all condemn what they expect to be admired for; and hope, againſt all reaſon and probability, to impoſe on the world by the ſame arts which they can themſelves ſo eaſily diſcern in others, and ſo readily join to deride.

Whilſt the vain man is painfully ſtriving

ſtriving to outſhine all the company, and to attract their admiration, by falſe wit, forced compliments, and ſtudied graces, he muſt ſurely be mortified to obſerve how conſtantly *Simplicius* engages their attention, reſpect, and complacency, without having once thought of himſelf as a perſon of any conſequence amongſt them. Simplicius imparts his ſuperior knowledge, when called upon, as eaſily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock; and with the ſame readineſs and good-will informs the moſt ignorant, or confers with the moſt learned. He is as willing to receive information as to give it, and to join the company, as far as he is able, in the moſt trifling converſation into which they happen to fall, as in the moſt ſerious or ſublime. If he diſputes, it is with as much candour on the moſt important and intereſting, as on the moſt inſignificant

ſubjects,

almoſt every other virtue. No wonder that the heart, where envy, pride, and vanity reſide, will not venture to truſt itſelf to the lips or eyes. "*Dare* "*to be what you are,*" is a good maxim; but it will only be put in practice by thoſe who are what they ought to be. Every one may however reſt aſſured, that they are genenerally *known* for what they are, and that falſehood, like Cain, has a mark ſet upon it by Heaven. This mark may not be diſcerned on a ſuperficial view, nor by the fooliſh, the young, and inexperienced; but in a ſhort courſe of years it will be diſcovered by ſo many eyes, that the world cannot be kept ignorant of it, and it will then be puniſhed by the ſcorn it deſerves.

Whoever, therefore, deſires to pleaſe, to be reſpected and beloved, let him firſt give his attention to the inward ſtate of his mind. When all is right there, outward elegancies may be

be eaſily attained, or the want of them eaſily excuſed. But if nature and the heart have no ſhare in dictating his behaviour, his looks, and his ſentiments, he may be a fop, a dancing-maſter, a courtier, or a ſpy; but he can never be an amiable man.

This, the noble writer, whoſe letters to his ſon have lately engaged the attention of the public, ſeems to have forgotten. Intent on thoſe worldly advantages, which cannot be attained without the good-will of mankind, he unweariedly recommends and enforces the *appearances* of all that he thinks engaging; but forgets that thoſe appearances muſt be the reſult of real excellencies, which he takes no pains to inculcate. Even * ſweetneſs of countenance he thinks may

* Vide Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Letter 220. — "Learn even to compoſe your *counte-* "*nance* to the reſpectful, the chearful, and "the

may be put on and adjuſted at the glaſs, like the Rouge and the Bouquet; and that his ſon may poſſeſs *les manieres nobles*, and all the charms of liberal and ingenuous youth, whilſt in reality he regulates his * friendſhips by his views of future advancement; † conceals every paſſion and ſentiment

"the inſinuating." Letter 221. — "An air, "a tone of voice, a compoſure of countenance to mildneſs and ſoftneſs, which are "all eaſily acquired, do the buſineſs; and "without farther examination, and poſſibly "with the contrary qualities, that man is "reckoned the gentleſt, the modeſteſt, the "beſt-natured man alive. Happy the man "who with a certain fund of parts and "knowledge gets acquainted with the world "early enough to make it his *bubble*, at an "age when moſt people are the bubbles of "the world! for that is the common caſe "of youth."

* Vide Letter 140 and 207.

† Vide Letter 151. — In this Letter his lordſhip quotes from Lord Bacon the diſtinction

ment of his own heart, and takes advantage of thoſe of others; whilſt he ſets no other bounds to his flattery, but thoſe of the credulity of his companions, and laviſhes every mark of attention and admiration, of kindneſs

tion between *ſimulation* and *diſſimulation* — "the laſt of which is only to hide a man's "own cards, whereas *ſimulation* is put on in "order to look into other people's." But does not the following account of his own management, which he recommends to his ſon as an example, come under the deſcription of *ſimulation*? "I ſhould deſire nothing better 'in any negotiation, than to have to do 'with one of theſe men of warm, quick 'paſſions; which I would take care to ſet 'in motion. By artful provocations I would 'extort raſh unguarded expreſſions; and, 'by hinting at all the ſeveral things I 'could ſuſpect, infallibly diſcover the true "one, by the alteration it occaſioned in the "countenance of the perſon." Is not this to look into another man's cards? As a *miniſter* it may be *able conduct*, but as a *man* it is ſurely *deteſtable*.

and

and good-nature, with no other motive or end but his own advantage. The favourite maxim which his lordſhip ſo often repeats, * "*Il volto ſciolto, i penſieri ſtretti,*" he thinks as practicable as it is convenient; forgetting that an open countenance is the index nature gave to an open ingenuous heart; and that the beſt teacher can hardly bring a youth of nineteen to ſuch perfection in hypocriſy, as to give his face and air the frankneſs proper to his age, and his mind the cunning and deſign of an old ſtateſman. But, God be praiſed! we are not conſtituted to be the dupes of every ſhallow artifice; and a hypocrite under twenty has very little chance of making "*the world his bubble*†." Scarcely even the weakeſt of that ſex which his lordſhip conſiders as far below rationality ‡, would

* The countenance open, the thoughts cloſe.
† Vide note pp. 13 and 14. ‡ Letter 129.

be

be much charmed with a youth who had been tutored by his father to make love * *wherever he went*, becauſe it was *cheaper* and *ſafer* to have an *arrangement* with a married woman of faſhion, than to keep an opera girl. It is impoſſible to think of this in a moral light without a degree of horror, which obſcures the ridicule of it. That ſuch precepts ſhould have been the inſtructions of a father to his ſon, and that they ſhould be publicly offered to the youth of a nation where

* Letter 242. — "Addreſs yourſelf to ſome "woman of faſhion and beauty *wherever* "*you are*, and try how far that will go. If "the place be not ſecured beforehand, and "garriſoned, nine times in ten you will take "it." Sometimes his lordſhip directs him to addreſs *two* at the ſame time; *one* as a Mad. l'Urſay, to inſtruct him in the art of pleaſing; the *other* to exerciſe thoſe arts upon. Mad. de Blot is choſen for this laſt office, on account of her perverſe fidelity to her huſband, "*tho' married above a year.*"

the ſacredneſs of marriage and the bonds of family love are not yet entirely exploded, are indeed moſt alarming ſymptoms of corruption. The mean ſelf-love, which is thus inculcated, at the expence of the moſt important intereſts of ſociety, muſt ſhew itſelf through the whole man, in ſpite of the frippery in which his lordſhip would dreſs him. Elegance of mind can alone produce true elegance of behaviour. *Les manieres douces* belong to a gentle and good heart — *les manieres nobles* to a ſpirit of generoſity, bravery, and truth.

" *Worth* makes the *man*, and want of it t
" *fellow*;
" The reſt is all but leather or prunella."
Po

ESS

ESSAY II.

On Converſation.

I Have always conſidered the univerſal practice of card-playing as particularly pernicious in this reſpect, that, whilſt it keeps people perpetually in company, it excludes converſation. The hours which are ſpent in ſociety may be made, not only the moſt agreeable, but perhaps the moſt uſeful of any, provided our companions are well choſen. But tho' this cannot always be the caſe, and tho' few perſons are qualified to make a figure in converſation, or to give it all the advantage of which it is capable, yet, even amongſt thoſe of moderate underſtanding and knowledge, it ſeems almoſt impoſſible that an evening ſhould paſs in mutual endeavours to entertain each other, without ſome-

thing being ſtruck out that would in ſome degree enlighten and improve the mind. If we are not inſtructed by what we hear, we may at leaſt derive ſome advantage from the exerciſe of our own powers, from being obliged to recollect and produce what we know or what we think on the topics which ariſe; and whilſt the underſtanding is thus kept in action, tho' perhaps on ſubjects not very important, it is certainly more likely to acquire ſome vigour, than whilſt its attention is confined to the management of a hand of cards. In the mean time our ſelf-command may be improving by the exerciſe of politeneſs; which teaches us to offer our favourite opinions with modeſty, to hear them controverted with good humour, and to maintain them with moderation: — to liſten with patient attention to a tedious or a well-known ſtory — to anſwer an objection that

is nothing to the purpoſe, and make ſome civil reply to an argument too confuſed to be underſtood. Theſe are uſeful, tho' not very pleaſant, exertions of benevolence and ſelf-denial; and ſuch utility may be derived even from thoſe who can no otherwiſe contribute to our improvement. Many more pleaſing advantages one ſhould expect to find in the company of perſons of faſhion and education.

But, alas! if one attends to the numerous abuſes of converſation, and obſerves how often it offends againſt ſome of the firſt principles of morality, one is tempted to think that even card-playing, tho' it intereſts none but the moſt unlovely paſſions, is a leſs dangerous method of employing time.

Many are the natural temptations to offences of the tongue, from which we are conſtantly in danger in all times and all places. But ſome of

thoſe which prevail in our preſent polite circles, ſeem to ariſe merely from the *ton* which has been imported to us from a neighbouring nation, where perhaps the ſame things may be natural and harmleſs, which, *in us*, are affected, and fruitful of bad conſequences. Surely nothing can be leſs natural to the dry and reſerved temper of the Engliſh, than that flow of unbounded flattery which ſeems the eſtabliſhed commerce of the *grand monde*, but which, to a modeſt mind, unhardened by the conſtant uſe of it, is really quite overwhelming. That deep and affecting intereſt, with which a mere common acquaintance talks to you for half an hour of your ſlighteſt indiſpoſition — thoſe tender profeſſions of affection and eſteem — that admiration, which exhauſts the language to expreſs itſelf, are ſo exceedingly uncongenial to an Engliſh heart (ſlow to expand itſelf, tho' warm and

and ſteady in real affection) that they never ſit handſomely on us; and, tho' we may be pleaſed at the moment with the ſelf-conſequence given us, we ſoon feel a degree of diſguſt ariſing towards thoſe from whom we receive it.

Another faſhion, very inconvenient to a people naturally grave, is that of being always gay. Lively airs and diverting ſallies are ſo eſſential in a faſhionable company, that, if they cannot be kept up by harmleſs wit and humour, they muſt be produced by throwing an air of ridicule on the moſt important ſubjects, and the moſt reſpectable characters; not excepting the principles we profeſs to believe, or the perſons we profeſs to eſteem.

Thus, whilſt we laviſh our praiſe on thoſe who are preſent (a practice which untaught nature would bluſh at) we derive all our mirth from the abſent, to whom we are not leſs li-

beral of abuſe and ridicule (an injuſtice which every honeſt peaſant would ſcorn.) Some are even ſhameleſs enough to begin their ridicule on thoſe who have juſt quitted the room, and whom they have been groſly flattering; though it is ſo obvious, that the remaining part of the company, after having been fatigued with bowing to their compliments, muſt expect the ſame fate in their turn, as their carriages drive from the door.

Nothing is to me more diſguſting than that air of mildneſs and benevolence with which ſome ill-natured obſervation on the perſon or dreſs of our abſent acquaintance, or ſome ſly ſarcaſm, deſigned to obſcure the brighteſt part of their character, is uſually introduced. If the defects of a lady's perſon are to be held forth to ridicule, it is firſt remarked, that "ſhe is certainly the beſt kind of "woman in the world." If one of diſtinguiſhed

diſtinguiſhed talents is to be the victim, thoſe talents are magnified and exalted in the ſtrongeſt terms, and then in a lower voice you are called upon to take notice of the conſcious ſuperiority of her manner, the oſtentatious diſplay of her knowledge, or the pointed affectation of her wit. Some abſurd ſaying, which envy had invented for her, is produced as a ſample of her *bons mots*, and ſome trait of impertinence, tho' perhaps the moſt contrary to her character, related as a ſpecimen of her behaviour. When the lady * * * *'s have been extolled for their charity and goodneſs, I have heard it added, "that "it is impoſſible to paſs thro' their "hall without terrible conſequences, "'tis ſo full of company from Broad "St. Giles's."—"Mrs. * * * * is con-"feſſedly the moſt pious creature upon "earth!—poor ſoul! ſhe was car-"ried to church in an ague-fit laſt Sun-"day;

" day; for ſhe thinks there is no go-
" ing to heaven without hearing Mr.
" *Such-a-one* preach once a week."—
Thus by the help of exaggeration, you may poſſibly ſucceed in raiſing a ſneer againſt a plain perſon, or a bright underſtanding—againſt Chriſtian beneficence, or rational piety; but as you profeſs the higheſt eſteem for the characters you ridicule, nobody muſt ſay, that you are cenſorious or unfriendly.

Another heinous evil ariſes from the neceſſity of being *au fait*, with regard to every character and occurrence that is talked of. The word and thing called *ſentiment* being exploded as perfectly ridiculous—all diſcuſſion of general topics being formal, tedious, and inſufferable—and literary ſubjects pedantic and affected, there remains nothing, when you have done with public affairs and public diverſions, but private anecdotes—pulling down,

down, or gently undermining characters—ſitting in judgment on thoſe tranſactions, which, though of a private nature, are, by the newly eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the times, laid before the public—or producing freſh accounts of them from private hands. I hardly ever heard a converſation of this kind carried on for half an hour, without ſome flagrant inſtance of ſlander and injuſtice. It is amazing to obſerve the courage with which, upon mere common report, facts are repeated, which tend to the utter ruin of a character, and even motives confidently aſſigned, which it was impoſſible ſhould be known. I have heard things aſſerted as indiſputable truths, with the air of a perſon who was behind the curtain and knew the whole, which I have afterwards detected to have been taken on truſt from the news-papers.

The heavieſt misfortunes will not ſhelter

ſhelter you from cenſure, when the converſation takes this turn. If you have loſt your deareſt friend, we pity you indeed; but we cannot help obſerving, either that you have very little feeling, and do not grieve enough, or that you are highly blameable in feeling too much, and grieving too violently; or elſe that there is ſomething very ridiculous in your manner of ſhewing your grief, or in ſome circumſtance of your behaviour under it. If you are ſtripped of your whole fortune, 'tis a terrible thing to be ſure; but it can't be diſſembled, that your own imprudence was, in a great meaſure, the cauſe of it. If diſtemper or accident has disfigured your face or diſtorted your limbs, we can't help being diverted with the oddneſs of your figure — but, poor creature! we are exceſſively ſhock'd and concern'd at the ſame time.

If all the evil-ſpeaking one hears was

to

to be eſteemed the effect of malice, one might ſometimes fancy one's ſelf in the infernal regions; but I ſincerely believe, malice has very ſeldom any ſhare in it: the deſire of keeping up or enlivening genteel converſation, with the want of rational knowledge, or the fear of being ridiculed for ſhewing the knowledge we have, is the general cauſe of thoſe injuries we do our fellow-creatures in our common diſcourſe.

But if the deſire of being faſhionable leads to many immoralities, one would expect it ſhould at leaſt preſerve us from ſuch as offend no leſs againſt the laws of politeneſs, than againſt thoſe of religion and virtue. It is the boaſt of this age to have diſcovered, that true politeneſs conſiſts, not in modes and ceremonies, but in entering with delicacy into the feelings of our companions, conforming to their inclinations, exalting them in their own opi-

nions,

nions, and relieving them as much as poſſible from every reſtraint and anxiety: but how ill are theſe maxims obſerved towards thoſe who have not yet learned the faſhionable indifference and levity on ſerious ſubjects! A young perſon educated in religious ſentiments, and warm with the love of virtue, when firſt admitted into the circles of perſons of character, thinks he cannot better recommend himſelf, than by taking ſome opportunity of expreſſing the ſentiments he has been taught to revere: but how is he ſhocked and mortified, to find himſelf ſtared at and ridiculed, his gravity anſwered with contemptuo ſmiles, or received with a gen ſilence, the diſtreſsful effect of wh can only be conceived by thoſe w have felt it! Sunk into the dee confuſion on finding himſelf ſo m too wiſe and good for his compa he ſoon determines no more to of

on that ſide: but would any of the moſt troubleſome formalities of former ages have coſt him a pain equal to this unmerited ſhame, or the conſtraint he muſt ſuffer in diſguiſing his ſentiments, and enuring himſelf to the ridicule and contempt of what he had been uſed to hold moſt ſacred? The preſent pain inflicted on him is a cruel outrage on good manners; but the conſequences of it are far more injurious. Such an attack on a young man's ſenſibility is but too generally followed by the ſacrifice of virtue to faſhion; and he gradually adopts an air of diſdain for all that ſhould preſerve him from corruption and ruin.

Refinement of ſentiment in a young lady too often meets with a like fate. She has not the courage to aſſume a ſuperior elegance of mind to thoſe ſhe converſes with, who would only laugh at her pretenſions; ſhe muſt therefore, on pain of being treated as a romance

heroine,

heroine, learn to debaſe the pure luſtre of virgin delicacy and refined ſenſibility; ſhe muſt adopt the worldly notions, and the free, not to ſay licentious, manners of thoſe who have already trod the round of public diverſions, and have been hackneyed in the ways of the gay world; till from copying their external behaviour, ſhe gradually reduces her mind to the ſame ſtandard, and brings down every high thought, every delicate and ingenuous ſentiment, with which books and education had inſpired her, to the *ton* of unfeeling diſſipation.

Nor can we wonder that the modeſt timidity of youth ſhould be thus borne down by the impoſing air of the world, when we ſee that it has but too ſtrong an effect even on well-principled and long-practiſed virtue. I believe I may appeal to the boſom of almoſt every man of religious principles, whoſe ſituation has obliged him to converſe

verſe much with the world, whether he has not found it one of his hardeſt trials, to ſtem the torrent of cuſtom, and endure the ridicule which awaits the teſtimony he is bound to give in the cauſe of religion and virtue. Has he never been tempted to ſuppreſs that teſtimony, and to incur the danger of countenancing, by not oppoſing, contrary notions, rather than expoſe himſelf to ſuffer, or be obliged to reſent, the contempt of thoſe who eſteemed themſelves polite company —and who were really too well bred to have ridiculed his miſtreſs, friend, or relation in his preſence, though they could allow themſelves to inſult him on points ſtill more intereſting?

But, without formally attacking principles, the general tendency of converſation muſt conduce either to weaken or eſtabliſh them. The more remote the cauſe is from the effect,

the leſs are we on our guard againſt it; and the ſloweſt method is perhaps the ſureſt, to undermine religion and morality.

When we are told by our great Maſter, that "of every idle word we "muſt give an account at the day of "judgment," it is not to be imagined that he meant to confine our common converſation to ſerious and important ſubjects, or to condemn that innocent trifling, which neceſſarily makes ſo large a part of our communication with each other: he ſays not, that every idle word ſhall be accounted a fault, but only that an account muſt be given of it—that it ſhall be examined as to the tendency of it, whether it be good or bad, and as ſuch be placed to the account of our good or evil conduct; for there is no part of our converſation ſo inſignificant, as not to be tinctured, in ſome degree, by our prin-

principles and diſpoſitions; none that has not ſome remote influence on the cauſe of virtue.

True religion gives an habitual ſweetneſs and complacency, which produces genuine politeneſs, without injury to ſincerity: it preſerves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines it to temper juſtice with mercy in all its judgments upon others: by regulating our ſelf-love, it prevents our ſacrificing to vanity the good fame of a fellow-creature: it caſts a pleaſing light on every object, and inſpires an air of contentment, of thankfulneſs and joy, which raiſes the ſpirits, and promotes ſuch an innocent chearfulneſs of converſation, as may well compenſate for the loſs of that mirth which is founded on ill-nature: whilſt ſuperſtition and irreligion equally diſpoſe the mind to gloomy and uncomfortable views; to think hardly of perſons and events; to con-

if we live under a ſenſe of the duty of doing good to our fellow-creatures, and of forbearing to hurt them in any manner or degree, we ſhall ſoon find to how great a ſum of good or evil our daily expence of idle words may amount. When we are conſidering what are the means of doing good entruſted to us, perhaps the ſphere of converſation is ſeldom thought of; yet ſurely it gives ample ſcope for the exertion of that active principle of beneficence in which true virtue conſiſts; and it is a ſphere of action, from which no ſtation or circumſtances can exclude us: there is not a man who drinks his pot of porter at the alehouſe, but has ſomebody who looks up to his opinion, and whoſe manners and conduct may be influenced by his ſentiments: how much then may be done by thoſe whoſe underſtandings are held in any eſtimation among their acquaintance! "A word ſpoken in

"ſea-

is infected with bitterneſs. Whilſt we laugh with Voltaire at the moſt heightened repreſentation of human wickedneſs and miſery, diſregarded by Heaven, and terminating in eternal darkneſs, ſurely we muſt forget, that we alſo are men, and that this ſhocking ſcene is the poor all of exiſtence which his gloomy philoſophy allots us.

The different views of things which ariſe from different opinions concerning the moral government of the world, and the end of our being, cannot but affect the general tenor of converſation even on indifferent topics: a man may ſhew the bent of his mind in talking of a comedy or a piece of news; and the turn of thought he will introduce from theſe ſubjects will tend either to the improvement or corruption of his hearers.

If we accuſtom ourſelves to reflect on the conſequences of our words, and

" politeneſs with which it was tem-
" pered, muſt be flayed (as they ſay
" of a Ruſſian) before he could be
" made to feel." Its influence on him has probably continued to this day; for I never knew him give occaſion for another reproof of the ſame nature.

The great and irreſiſtible influence, which the choice of our company, as well as the mode of our own converſation, has on our habits of thinking and acting, and on the whole form and colour of our minds, is a ſubject too common to be much enlarged upon; it cannot, however, be too deeply conſidered, as it ſeems the leading circumſtance of our lives, and that which may chiefly determine our character and condition to all eternity.

ESSAY

ESSAY III.

On Enthuſiaſm, and Indifference in Religion.

IT is an old obſervation, that nothing is ſo difficult as to preſerve the human affections in the due medium between oppoſite extremes. This is ſo remarkably true in our religious ſentiments, that whoever examines his own heart will probably be convinced, that in every part of his life, he has been led too far, either towards enthuſiaſm or indifference.

I remember that when I was about fifteen years old, I was charmed with many of the doctrines of the Myſtics. *Diſintereſted love of God, contempt of ourſelves,* and *indifference towards our own*

happineſs, appeared to me eſſential to the true ſpirit of religion; and ſuch refinements on human nature were highly gratifying to my romantic turn of mind. I fancied myſelf exalted by theſe ideas to a high degree of perfection, and lamented and deſpiſed the unhappy ſtate in which I had been before I became acquainted with theſe ſublime religioniſts. But, as my reaſon gained ſtrength, I diſcovered that there was no more reality in theſe my fancied ſentiments than in my dreams, and that the ſenſations I had produced in my own heart were as entirely the effect of imagination, as the diſtreſs I felt in ſeeing a tragedy.

This ſelf-deluſion is common enough in many of the operations of our own minds, but perhaps in none more than in the ardors of devotion; which are often no other than the workings of a heated fancy, that, in a kind of frenzy, adds

adds an unnatural force to our ſentiments, and makes us undertake flights, of which human nature in its ſober ſtate is incapable.

It is true, that we cannot poſſibly exceed in the meaſure of our love to God, to whom reaſon, as well as revelation, directs us to offer the beſt of our affections, and from whom alone we can hope for that happineſs which it is our nature inceſſantly to deſire. But we may fancy that we love him more than we *do* or *can*; and meaſure that love, not by the rule himſelf has given us—by our obedience, and by our love to our fellow-creatures;—but by the ſtrength of thoſe factitious feelings which we have the art of raiſing in ourſelves, and which can naturally be excited only by the ſenſes or the imagination. God cannot be the proper object of ſuch feelings, ſince he is not preſent either to our ſenſes or our imagina-

tions.

tions. Of him we can have no idea, ſince all our ideas are introduced by our ſenſes. We do indeed diſcover, by the deductions of reaſon, that there muſt be one ſelf-exiſtent Being poſſeſſing all perfection: we therefore accumulate all the good we are acquainted with, aſcribing it to the Deity, with no other addition than the negation of all limits or imperfection. This we call an idea of God; but it is not properly ſuch, for we are incapable of repreſenting to our minds at once all poſſible excellencies, with infinity added to them. When we would contemplate the Supreme Being, we muſt trace his attributes one by one; and even thus we muſt gather from mere mortal things, our notions of thoſe attributes. He is therefore the object and choice of our reaſon, rather than of our paſſions: and our contemplations of his divine perfections are rather fitted to produce

duce ſentiments of gratitude and reverential love, like thoſe we feel towards a worthy parent, than ſuch ſtrong deſires and flaming raptures as the Myſtics deſcribe; who borrow their expreſſions from the moſt ſenſual kind of love. This *love of deſire*, as they diſtinguiſh it, they would appropriate ſolely to the pureſt of all ſpirits, and leave for ſenſible objects only calm benevolence. Thus they undertake to change the nature our Maker has given us. They reject the title he has vouchſafed to take upon himſelf, of our *father*, and chooſe to ſtile him their *ſpouſe*, their *lover*. They profeſs to *feaſt* and *inebriate* themſelves with his *charms*, whom they "neither have ſeen, nor can ſee," and of whom they can have no real idea; and to ſhut their hearts againſt the attractions of all ſenſible objects. They even undertake a kind of ſeparation from themſelves: they talk of

ſelf-annihilation — ſelf-hatred — of being able to will their own eternal miſery, if it ſhould pleaſe God to will it! — in ſhort, they enchant themſelves with words void of meaning, and with ſuppoſitions which a ſound mind is incapable of admitting for a moment.

That the excellent Fenelon ſhould have adopted ſuch irrational expreſſions, would be inconceivable, if we did not know that the richneſs and ſtrength of ſuch an imagination, and the warmth of ſuch a heart as his, will naturally prevail over reaſon, and hurry a man into the regions of extravagance, whenever his favourite object is in view.

But whatever abſurdities may ariſe from the fancied ardors of enthuſiaſm, they are much leſs pernicious to the mind than the contrary extreme of coldneſs and indifference in religion. The ſpirit of chivalry, tho' it led to

many

many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheleſs favourable to true courage, as it excited and nouriſhed magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, tho' ſometimes waſted in abſurd undertakings, were of the greateſt uſe on real and proper occaſions. The nobleſt energies of which we are capable, can ſcarcely be called out without ſome degree of enthuſiaſm, in whatever cauſe we are engaged; and thoſe ſentiments, which tend to the exaltation of human nature, tho' they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will however prevent our topping ſhort of them, and loſing, by careleſs indolence and ſelf-deſertion, the greateſt part of that ſtrength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for thoſe who profeſs (and perhaps ſincerely) to beeve with entire perſuaſion the truth f the goſpel, to declare that they do ot *pretend* to frame their lives ac-

cording to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," ſay they, "I "am guilty of no *great crimes*; but "the cuſtoms of the world in theſe "times will not admit of a conduct "agreeable either to reaſon or reve- "lation. I know the courſe of life I "am in is wrong; I know that I "am engroſſed by the world — that "I have no time for reflection, nor "for the practice of many duties "which I acknowledge to be ſuch. "But I know not how it is — I do "not find that I *can* alter my manner "of living." — Thus they coolly and contentedly give themſelves up to a conſtant courſe of diſſipation, and a general *worthleſsneſs* of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happineſs here or hereafter, as the occaſional commiſſion of crimes at which they would ſtart and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is moſt valuable and important, of

children,

children, friends, ſervants — of neighbours and dependants — of the poor — of God — and of their own minds, they conſider as an excuſable levity, and ſatisfy themſelves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of faſhion was to be called to account for the diſpoſition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this ſtile:—"I "can't, you know, be out of the "world, nor act differently from every "body in it. The hours are every "where late — conſequently I riſe "late. I have ſcarce breakfaſted be-"fore morning viſits begin — or 'tis "time to go to an auction, or a "concert — or to take a little exerciſe "for my health. Dreſſing my hair "is a long operation — but one *can't* "appear with a head unlike every "body elſe. One *muſt* ſometimes go "to a play, or an opera; tho' I own "it hurries one to death. Then what

" with neceſſary viſits — the perpe-
" tual engagements to card-parties at
" private houſes — and attendance on
" the public aſſemblies, to which all
" people of faſhion ſubſcribe, the
" evenings you ſee are fully diſpoſed
" of. What time then can I poſſibly
" have for what you call domeſtic
" duties? — You talk of the offices
" and enjoyments of friendſhip —
" alas! I have no hours left for friends!
" I muſt ſee them in a croud, or
" not at all. As to cultivating the
" friendſhip of my huſband, we are
" very civil when we meet; but we
" are both too much engaged to
" ſpend much time with each other.
" With regard to my daughters, I
" have given them a French governeſs,
" and proper maſters — I can do
" no more for them. You tell me,
" I ſhould inſtruct my ſervants —
" but I have not time to inform
" *myſelf*, much leſs can I undertake

" any thing of that ſort for *them*, or
" even be able to gueſs what they do
" with themſelves the greateſt part of the
" twenty-four hours. I go to church,
" if poſſible, once on a Sunday, and
" then ſome of my ſervants attend
" me; and if they will not mind what
" the preacher ſays, how can *I* help
" it? — The management of our
" fortune, as far as I am concerned,
" I *muſt* leave to the ſteward and
" houſekeeper; for I find I can barely
" ſnatch a quarter of an hour juſt to
" look over the bill of fare when I am
" to have company, that they may
" not ſend up any thing frightful or
" old-faſhioned. — As to the chriſtian
" duty of charity, I aſſure you, I
" am not ill-natured; and (conſider-
" ing that the great expence of being
" always dreſt for company, with
" loſſes at cards, ſubſcriptions, and
" public ſpectacles, leave me very little
" to diſpoſe of) I am ready enough

to a proper capacity of it during your ſtate of diſcipline, by the energies of generous friendſhip, by the meltings of parental fondneſs, or by that union of heart and ſoul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendſhip and ineffable tenderneſs, which approaches neareſt to the full ſatisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love? — Alas! you ſcarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it ſwell with pride, or flutter with vanity. — Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all good been exerciſed and ſtrengthened by conſtant acts of praiſe and thankſgiving? Was it nouriſhed by frequent meditation, and ſilent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burſt forth in fervent prayer? — I fear it was rather decency than devotion that carried you once a week to the place of public worſhip — and, for the reſt of the week, your thoughts and time

were

were ſo very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the Univerſe could occur but ſeldom, and then, rather as an object of terror than of hope and joy. How then ſhall a ſoul ſo dead to divine love, ſo loſt to all but the moſt childiſh purſuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itſelf to a capacity of that bliſs which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine preſence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?— What kind of training is the life you have paſſed through for ſuch an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on thoſe whom ſtrong temptation from natural paſſions, or a train of unfortunate circumſtances, have ſunk into the commiſſion of what you call great *crimes?* — Dare you

ſpeak peace to your own heart, becauſe by different circumſtances you have been preſerved from them? — Far be it from me to wiſh to leſſen the horror of crimes: but yet, as the temptations to theſe occur but ſeldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever ſurround us, it may be neceſſary to awaken ourſelves to ſome calculation of the proportions between ſuch habitual *omiſſion* of all that is good, and the *commiſſion* of more heinous acts of ſin; between waſting our whole life in what is falſely called *innocent amuſement*, and diſgracing it by faults which would alarm ſociety more, tho' poſſibly they might injure it leſs.

How amazing is the diſtance between the extreme of negligence and ſelf-indulgence in ſuch nominal chriſtians, and the oppoſite exceſs of rigour which ſome have unhappily thought meritorious!

meritorious! between a Paſcal (who dreaded the influence of pleaſure ſo much, as to wear an iron, which he preſſed into his ſide whenever he found himſelf taking delight in any object of ſenſe) and thoſe who think life lent them only to be ſquandered in ſenſeleſs diverſions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a ſtrange compoſition is man! ever diverging from the right line — forgetting the true end of his being — or widely miſtaking the means that lead to it!

If it were indeed true, that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happineſs, that we ſhould ſpend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary ſuffering and mortification, and a continual oppoſition to every inclination of nature, it would ſurely be worth while to conform even to theſe conditions, however rigorous: and we ſee, by numerous examples, that it is not

not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully perſuaded that their eternal intereſts demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our exiſtence — if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us — if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither puniſhment nor conſtraint unneceſſarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions — it will then appear much more extraordinary that we ſhould perverſely go on in conſtant and acknowledged neglect of thoſe injunctions.

Is there a ſingle pleaſure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, conſiſtent with religion and virtue? — And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the ſame which are preſcribed by reaſon and nature,

and

and which we cannot exceed without manifeſt hurt to ourſelves, or others? — It is not the life of a hermit, or a *Père de la Trappe*, that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for ſociety, capable of continual improvement, and conſequently of continual advancement in happineſs.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy aſcetics, nor frantic enthuſiaſts. They married from affection founded on long acquaintance and perfect eſteem. They therefore enjoy the beſt pleaſures of the heart in the higheſt degree. They concur in a rational ſcheme of life, which, whilſt it makes them always chearful and happy, renders them the friends of human kind, and the bleſſing of all around them. They do not deſert their ſtation in the world, nor deny themſelves the proper and moderate uſe of their large fortune; though that

that portion of it, which is appropriated to the uſe of others, is that from which they derive their higheſt gratifications. They ſpend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourſe of hoſpitality and civility with many of the moſt reſpectable perſons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a ſelect than a numerous acquaintance: and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more eaſily ſucceeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourſe with what may be called *the world.* Three more are ſpent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whoſe taſtes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or ſometimes muſic, ſupply the intervals of uſeful and agreeable converſation. In theſe parties their children are always preſent,

and

and partake of the improvement that ariſes from ſuch ſociety, or from the well-choſen pieces which are read aloud. The ſeventh day is always ſpent at home, after the due attendance on public worſhip; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious inſtruction of their children and ſervants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and riſe early, and as Lady Worthy never pays, or admits morning viſits, they have ſeven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and thoſe of their children, the due attention to health, to economy, and to the poor, are carried on in the moſt regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarreling with the world, or of ſhutting themſelves up from it, to paſs the greateſt

cept at the hour of prayer and of breakfaſt. In their private walks or rides, they uſually viſit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are perſonally acquainted; and by the ſweetneſs and friendlineſs of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they ſo entirely poſſeſs the hearts of theſe people, that they are made the confidents of all their family grievances, and the caſuiſts to ſettle all their ſcruples of conſcience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of converſing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often diſcover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the perſon they diſtinguiſh, talents, which would otherwiſe have been for ever loſt to the public.

From this ſlight ſketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue coſts them

any

any great ſacrifices? Do they appear to be the ſervants of a hard maſter? —It is true, they have not the amuſement of gaming, nor do they curſe themſelves in bitterneſs of ſoul, for loſing the fortune Providence had beſtowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor ſtifled in crouded aſſemblies; nor are their hours conſumed in an inſipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they ſerve indulges them in the beſt pleaſures of love, of friendſhip, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and of a piety, which chiefly conſiſts in joyful acts of love and praiſe!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taſte uncorrupted and ſtill alive to natural pleaſures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating thoſe beauties joined with utility in the

ſcenes around them; and, abov
from that flow of ſpirits, which
of activity, and the conſtant exe
of right affections, naturally proc
Compare their countenances with t
of the wretched ſlaves of *the w*
who are hourly complaining of
tigue, of liſtleſſneſs, diſtaſte, and
pours; and who, with faded ch
and worn-out conſtitutions, ſtill
tinue to haunt the ſcenes where
their vanity found gratification,
where they now meet only with r
tification and diſguſt: then tell
which has choſen the happier p
admitting for a moment that no fu
penalty was annexed to a wr
choice? Liſten to the character
is given of Sir Charles Worthy and
lady, wherever they are named,
then tell me, whether even your i
the world, is not more favourable
them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of

call

ling thoſe whom long habits, and eſtabliſhed tyranny of pride and ity, have almoſt precluded from a ſibility of imitating ſuch patterns, l in whom the very deſire of amend- nt is extinguiſhed; but for thoſe o are now entering on the ſtage of , and who have their parts to chooſe, v earneſtly could I wiſh for the it of perſuaſion—for ſuch a "warn- ng voice" as ſhould make itſelf rd amidſt all the gay buſtle that ounds them! it ſhould cry to them hout ceaſing, not to be led away the crowd of fools, without know- whither they are going—not to hange real happineſs for the empty ne of pleaſure—not to prefer fa- on to immortality—and not to cy it poſſible for them to be in- ent, and at the ſame time uſeleſs.

A LETTER to the ADVENTURER.

* *The STORY of FIDELIA.*

———Peccare docentes
Fallax hiſtorias monet. HOR.
To tint th' attentive mind ſhe tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, ſince I am ſure the motives that induce me to give it will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I ſhall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however inſignificant and unentertaining, affords a leſſon of the higheſt importance; a leſſon, the value

* The Story of Fidelia made its firſt appearance in the Adventurer, Number 77, 78, 79.

of

of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchaſed with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel poſt under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was exceſſively fond of me, determined to be himſelf my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, ſhould not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of ſenſe, with a tolerable ſhare of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reaſon took ſome pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever faſhionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himſelf, he was now in advanced life, and had at leaſt worldly wiſdom enough to

know, that it was neceſſary his daughter ſhould be reſtrained from thoſe liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happineſs and ſelf-reward of virtue; but at the ſame time profeſſed it his deſign to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and ſuperſtition, for ſo he called REVEALED RELIGION. As I was urged to chooſe virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no neceſſary connection with immortality, I was not led to conſider a future ſtate, either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that ſubject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or falſe, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; becauſe the virtue which ſecured happineſs in the preſent ſtate, would alſo ſecure it in

future: a future ſtate, therefore, I olly diſregarded, and, to confeſs a ith, diſbelieved: for I thought I uld plainly diſcover, that it was diſ-lieved by my father, though he had t thought fit explicitly to declare his itiments. As I had no very turbu-it paſſions, a ductile and good diſpo-ion, and the higheſt reverence for underſtanding, as well as the ten-reſt affection for him, he found it an y taſk to make me adopt every ſen-ent and opinion which he propoſed me as his own; eſpecially as he k care to ſupport his principles by authority and arguments of the t writers againſt CHRISTIANITY.

the age of twenty, I was called on to make uſe of all the philoſo-y I had been taught, by his death; ich not only deprived me of a pa-t I moſt ardently loved, but with n of all the eaſe and affluence to ich I had been accuſtomed. His

income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; conſequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural chearfulneſs of my temper, I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow underſtanding and illiberal education, was a little diſguſted with me for employing ſo much of my time in reading; but ſtill more ſo, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that ſome of them were what

he

called blaſphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheiſt. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to diſguiſe or diſavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deiſt and an Atheiſt, my arguments only ſerved to confirm him in the opinion, that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phraſe, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the eſtabliſhed faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reaſon, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmoſt concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myſelf I ſhould owe to his love. I comforted myſelf, however, with my

own

own integrity, and even felt a conſcious pride in ſuffering this perſecution from ignorance and folly, only becauſe I was ſuperior to vulgar errors and popular ſuperſtition; and that CHRISTIANITY deſerved theſe appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doc-"trine" which he profeſſed to believe.

I had lived a few months under the painful ſenſibility of receiving continual benefits from a perſon whoſe eſteem and affection I had loſt, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for ſome unexpected good fortune, told me, he had juſt had a propoſal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not poſſibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table.

ble. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune, and a fair character, my uncle thought himſelf ſufficiently authoriſed to pronounce as he did, that I could not poſſibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me inſuperable; it was, that the perſon whom he propoſed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his underſtanding was low, his ſentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleaſing.—"What ſtuff is "all this!" interrupted my uncle, "ſentiments indelicate! unpolite! his "underſtanding, forſooth, not equal "to your own! Ah, child, if you had "leſs romance, conceit and arro-"gance, and more true diſcretion "and prudence, it would do you

"more

" more good than all the fine books
" you have confounded your poor
" head with, and what is worſe, per-
" haps, ruined your poor ſoul. I
" own, it went a little againſt my
" conſcience to accept my honeſt
" friend's kind offer, and give him
" ſuch a pagan for his wife. But
" how know I whether the believing
" huſband may not convert the un-
" believing wife?—As to your flighty
" objections, they are ſuch nonſenſe,
" that I wonder you can ſuppoſe me
" fool enough to be deceived by them.
" No, child; wiſe as you are, you
" cannot impoſe upon a man who has
" lived as many years in the world as
" I have. I ſee your motive; you
" have ſome infidel libertine rake in
" your eye, with whom you would
" go headlong to perdition. But I
" ſhall take care not to have your
" ſoul to anſwer for as well as your
" perſon. Either I ſhall diſpoſe of
" you

" you to an honeſt man that may
" convert you, or you ſhall diſpoſe
" of yourſelf how you pleaſe for me;
" for I diſclaim all further care or
" trouble about you: ſo I leave you
" to conſider, whether or no the kind-
" neſs I have ſhewn you, entitles me
" to ſome little influence over you,
" and whether you chuſe to ſeek pro-
" tection where you can find it, or
" accept of the happy lot Providence
" has cut out for you."

He left me at the cloſe of this fine harangue, and I ſeriouſly ſet myſelf to conſider as he bade me, which of the two ſtates he had ſet before me I ought to chuſe; to ſubmit to a legal ſort of proſtitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conſcience, or to expoſe myſelf to all the diſtreſſes of friendleſs poverty and unprotected youth. After ſome hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination;

perſon, who could not obtain the firſt place in my heart.

I was ſurpriſed that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that paſſion had kept him ſilent. At length the gathering ſtorm burſt over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reaſons were condemned as romantic abſurdities, which I could not myſelf believe; I was accuſed of deſigning to deceive, and to throw myſelf away on ſome worthleſs fellow, whoſe principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to aſſert that I had no ſuch deſign, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could ſooner have believed the groſſeſt contradiction, than that a young woman could ſo ſtrenuouſly refuſe one man without being prepoſſeſſed in favour of another. As I thought myſelf injured by his accuſations and tyranny, I gave over the

the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the juſtice of his reſentment, and againſt my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he ſaid would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his houſe, and ſee his face no more. I bowed in ſign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and reſolution, I aroſe, thanked him for his paſt benefits, and with a low curt'ſy left the room.

In leſs than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the houſe of a perſon who had formerly been my father's ſervant, and who now kept a ſhop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to viſit my father's nephew, who was in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the ſame as my father's,

though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the ſtrict rules of morality: however, ſetting aſide a few of thoſe vices which are looked upon as genteel accompliſhments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good ſort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindneſs, I doubted not that I ſhould find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at leaſt, if not aſſiſtance from him. I told him my ſtory, and the reaſons that had determined me to the refuſal which had incurred my uncle's diſpleaſure. But how was I diſappointed, when, inſtead of the applauſe I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited perſecutions, I perceived a ſmile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner! "And what, in "the devil's name, my dear couſin, "could make a woman of your ſenſe "behave ſo like an idiot? What!

" forfeit all your hopes from your
" uncle, refuſe an excellent match,
" and reduce yourſelf to beggary, be-
" cauſe truly you were not in love?
" Surely, one might have expected
" better from you even at fifteen.
" Who is it, pray, that marries the
" perſon of their choice? For my
" own part, who have rather a better
" title to pleaſe myſelf, with a good
" fifteen hundred a year, than you who
" have not a ſhilling, I found it
" would not do, and that there was
" ſomething more to be ſought after
" in a wife than a pretty face or a
" genius. Do you think I cared three
" farthings for the woman I married?
" No, faith. But her thirty thouſand
" pounds were worth having; with
" that I can purchaſe a ſeraglio of
" beauties, and indulge my taſte in
" every kind of pleaſure. And pray
" what is it to me whether my wife
" has beauty, or wit, or elegance,

" when her money will ſupply n
" with all that in others? You, couſi
" had an opportunity of being
" happy as I am: the men, belie
" me, would not like you a bit t
" worſe for being married; on t
" contrary, you would find, that f
" one who took notice of you as
" ſingle woman, twenty would
" your admirers and humble ſervan
" when there was no danger of bein
" taken in. Thus you might hav
" gratified all your paſſions, made a
" elegant figure in life, and have cho
" ſen out ſome gentle ſwain as ro
" mantic and poetical as you pleaſe
" for your Ceciſbee. The good Joh
" Trot huſband would have bee
" eaſily managed, and ——" Her
my indignation could be contained n
longer, and I was leaving the roo
in diſdain; when he caught me b
the hand — " Nay, prithee, my dea
" couſin, none of theſe violent airs

" I though

"I thought you and I had known one "another better. Let the poor ſouls, "who are taught by the prieſts and their "nurſes to be afraid of hell-fire, and "to think they ſhall go to the devil "for following nature and making "life agreeable, be as outrageouſly "virtuous as they pleaſe: you have "too much ſenſe to be frighted at "bugbears; you know that the term "of our exiſtence is but ſhort; and "it is highly reaſonable to make it "as pleaſant as poſſible." — I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

The Story of FIDELIA *continued.*

——— *Propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.*
Juv.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try, whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whoſe heart ſeems capable of every tender and generous ſentiment, will do juſtice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her

her tenderneſs will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praiſes and endearments will compenſate all my hardſhips. Amanda was a ſingle woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anſwered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. "You are ſenſible, my dear Fidelia," ſaid ſhe, "that I never pretended to "ſet my underſtanding in competition "with yours. I knew my own in-

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" feriority; and though many of your " notions and opinions appeared to " me very ſtrange and particular, I " never attempted to diſpute them " with you. To be ſure, you know " beſt; but it ſeems to me a very " odd conduct for one in your ſitu- " ation to give offence to ſo good an " uncle; firſt by maintaining doc- " trines which may be very true for " ought I know, but which are very " contrary to the received opinions " we are brought up in, and there- " fore are apt to ſhock a common " underſtanding; and ſecondly, to " renounce his protection, and throw " yourſelf into the wide world, rather " than marry the man he choſe for " you; to whom, after all, I do not " find you had any real objection, nor " any antipathy for his perſon." — Antipathy, my dear! ſaid I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others,

others, and beholding him with abhorrence and averſion? The firſt is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herſelf, and engaged in under the moſt ſolemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendleſs, unprovided ſtate, ſince they are the conſequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they diſturb that happineſs which is the gift of virtue. "I am heartily glad," anſwered ſhe, "that you have found "the art of making yourſelf happy "by the force of imagination! I wiſh "your enthuſiaſm may continue; "and that you may ſtill be further "convinced, by your own experience, "of the folly of mankind, in ſup-"poſing poverty and diſgrace to be "evils."

I was cut to the ſoul by the unkind manner which accompanied this ſarcaſm, and was going to remonſtrate againſt

againſt her unfriendly treatment, whe
her lover came in with another gentl
man, who, in ſpite of my full hear
engaged my attention, and for a whi
made me forget the ſtings of unkin
neſs. The beauty and gracefulne
of his perſon caught my eye, and th
politeneſs of his addreſs and the el
gance of his compliments ſoon pr
judiced me in favour of his unde
ſtanding. He was introduced by t
Captain to Amanda as his moſt in
mate friend, and ſeemed deſirous
give credit to his friend's judgme
by making himſelf as agreeable
poſſible. He ſucceeded ſo well, th
Amanda was wholly engroſſed by t
pleaſure of his converſation, and t
care of entertaining her lover a
her new gueſt; her face brightene
and her good humour returned. Wh
I roſe to leave her, ſhe preſſed me
earneſtly to ſtay dinner, that I cou
not, without diſcovering how much
reſent

ented her behaviour, refuſe. This, wever, I ſhould probably have ne, as I was naturally diſpoſed to ow every ſentiment of my heart, d not a ſecret wiſh ariſen there to iow a little more of this agreeable anger. This inclined me to think prudent to conceal my reſentment, d to accept the civilities of Amanda. he converſation grew more and more eaſing; I took my ſhare in it, and d more than my ſhare of the charm- g ſtranger's notice and attention. s we all grew more and more un- ſerved, Amanda dropt hints in the urſe of the converſation relating to y ſtory, my ſentiments, and unhappy uation. Sir George Freelove, for at was the young gentleman's name, ened greedily to all that was ſaid me, and ſeemed to eye me with neſt curioſity as well as admira- n. We did not part till it was e, and Sir George inſiſted on at-

tending

tending me to my lodgings: I ſt
refuſed it, not without a ſe
which more properly belonged
female than the philoſopher, and
I condemned in myſelf as
from diſhoneſt pride. I cou
without pain ſuffer the poli
George, upon ſo ſhort an acquai
to diſcover the meanneſs of my
To avoid this, I ſent for a cha
was confuſed to find, that Sir
and his ſervants prepared to at
on foot by way of guard; it
vain to diſpute; he himſelf
before, and his ſervants follo
I was covered with bluſhes,
after all this parade, he hand
in at the little ſhop door, and
leave with as profound reſpe
he had guarded me to a pala
thouſand different thoughts ke
from cloſing my eyes that nigh
behaviour of Amanda wound
to the ſoul: I found that I mu

on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one perſon whom I could call my friend. My heart felt deſolate and forlorn; I knew not what courſe to take for my future ſubſiſtence; the pain which my pride had juſt given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the paſſions of humanity, and that I ſhould feel too ſenſibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to ſubdue this pride, and called to my aſſiſtance the examples of antient ſages and philoſophers, who deſpiſed riches and honours, and felt no inconveniencies from the malice of fortune. I had almoſt reaſoned myſelf into a contempt for the world, and fancied myſelf ſuperior to its ſmiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove ruſhed upon my mind, and deſtroyed at once the whole force of my reaſoning. I found that

however

however I might disregar
the world, I could not b
to his opinion; and the
being despised by him wa
able. I recollected that m
was extremely different fro
old philosopher, whose r
were the means of gratifyir
by attracting the notice an
mankind: at least, the p
schemes and wishes were v
from those which at that
taking possession of my h
looks and behaviour of
left me no doubt that I h
deep an impression in his
he had done in mine. I
bear to lose the ground I
and to throw myself into
low his notice. I scorned t
of imposing on him with
my circumstances, in case
really have had favourabl
for me; yet to disgrace

ver in his eye, by ſubmitting to ervitude, or any low way of ſup-orting myſelf, was what I could not ring myſelf to reſolve on.

In the midſt of theſe reflections I was ſurpriſed the next morning by a viſit from Sir George. He made reſpectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could

could be made happier, but th
which was due to me as a
and a gentlewoman, and whi
to have prevented ſuch offe
vice from a ſtranger, as co
be juſtified by a long ex
friendſhip; that I was not in a
to receive viſits, and muſt d
acquaintance, which neverth
happier part of my life wo
given me pleaſure.

He now had recourſe to al
of his ſex, imputing his t
freedom to the force of his
proteſting the moſt inviolabl
and imploring on his knees,
with tears, that I would no
him ſo ſeverely as to deny
liberty of ſeeing me, and mak
ſelf more and more worthy
eſteem. My weak heart was
much touched by his artifice
had only juſt fortitude en
perſevere in refuſing his vi

to inſiſt on his leaving me, which at laſt he did; but it was after ſuch a profuſion of tenderneſs, prayers and proteſtations, that it was ſome time before I could recall my reaſon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own ſituation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his diſhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my preſence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reaſon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that conſciouſneſs would make me happy; but I found it otherwiſe; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I diſcovered that my heart was entangled in a paſſion which muſt for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I

now conſidered riches as truly deſirable, ſince they would have placed me above diſgraceful attempts, and given me reaſonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was diſcontented and unhappy, but ſurpriſed and diſappointed to find myſelf ſo, ſince hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myſelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I reſolved, however, to try ſtill farther the power of virtue to confer happineſs, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had ſtronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practiſed in the arts of ſeduction, to be diſcouraged by a firſt repulſe: every day produced either ſome new attempt to ſee me, or a letter full of the moſt paſſionate proteſtations and entreaties for par-

don and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurpriſed into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enſnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and, in ſpite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſigns deſerved. But the moment he left me,

all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured againſt the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions which I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and deteſtation, who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whoſe face was ever covered with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. Is not this man, ſaid I, happier than I am? And if ſo, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compenſation ſhe offers me? What are my proſpects in this world but poverty, mortification, diſappointment and grief? Every wiſh of my

heart

heart denied, every paſſion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe the bleſſings with which HEAVEN diſtinguiſhes its favourites? Can the KING OF HEAVEN want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miſerable than that of the vicious? I myſelf have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and ſee no likelihood of my being otherwiſe in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkneſs. Yet why do I ſay, that I have no proſpect of happineſs? Does not the moſt engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can beſtow? Will not he protect me from every inſult of the proud world that ſcoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth

the means of every pleaſure, even of that higheſt and trueſt of all pleaſures; the power of relieving the ſufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of diſtreſs into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happineſs to all around me? Is not this a ſtate far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happineſs the laudable purſuit of reaſon? Is it not then laudable to purſue it by the moſt probable means? Have I not been accuſing PROVIDENCE of unkindneſs, whilſt I myſelf only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have miſtaken the path of virtue: it muſt be that which leads to happineſs. The path which I am in is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkneſs; but I ſee another that is ſtrowed with flowers, and bright with the ſunſhine of proſperity: this, ſurely,

ly, is the path of virtue, and the road to happineſs. Hither then let me turn my weary ſteps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is ſurely impoſſible that I ſhould offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to reſiſt. He has allotted me a ſhort and precarious exiſtence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleaſure? What is evil but pain? Reaſon and nature direct me to chuſe the firſt, and avoid the laſt. I ſought for happineſs in what is called virtue, but I found it not: ſhall I not try the other experiment, ſince I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderneſs of error, and thus had I almoſt reaſoned myſelf out of every principle of morality, by purſuing through all their conſequences

the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity — the taliſmans of TRUTH, by which I ſhould be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the ſyrens of temptation — when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation; ſuffice it that I ſubmit to the humiliation I have ſo well deſerved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human

human reaſon, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience, which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my boaſted philoſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates

of

of inclination: the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer. O depth of miſery! to be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf.

The Story of FIDELIA *concluded.*

Quiſnam igitur liber? Sapiens: ſibi qui imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.

HOR.

Who then is free? — The wiſe, who well maintains
An empire o'er himſelf: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with ſlaviſh fear inſpire;
Who boldly anſwers to his warm deſire;
Who can ambition's vaineſt gifts deſpiſe;
Firm in himſelf who on himſelf relies;
Poliſh'd and round who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortune with ſuperior force.

FRANCIS.

THIS was the ſtate of my mind during a year which I paſſed in Sir George's houſe. His fondneſs was unabated for eight months of the time; and

and as I had no other object to ſhare my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderneſs, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The firſt dawnings of unkindneſs were but too viſible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealouſy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my falſe lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately reſolved to leave him; but could not do it without firſt venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me inſolence, which though I had deſerved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned, with ſcorn which no longer became me, all the wages of my ſin, and the trappings of my ſhame, and left his houſe in the bittereſt anguiſh of reſentment and deſpair.

I returned

I returned to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a ſcene which recalled every circumſtance of my undoing, aſhamed to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt-chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

My reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without once conſidering what I was to do with myſelf, or why I choſe that place for my abode. To

ſay truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confuſed and diſtracted. A ſhort frenzy muſt have filled up thoſe hours, of which my memory retains ſuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as ſoon as I ſaw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's ſide, where after having walked ſome time, the freſhneſs of the air revived my ſenſes, and awakened my reaſon. My reaſon, my memory, my anguiſh and deſpair, returned together! Every circumſtance of my paſt life was preſent to my mind; but moſt the idea of my faithleſs lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in ſpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereſt and moſt ardent affection

for

or its undoer. This unguarded af-ection, which was the effect of a entle and kind nature, heightened he anguiſh of reſentment, and com-leted my miſery. In vain did I call ff my thoughts from this gloomy re-roſpect, and hope to find a gleam of omfort in my future proſpects. They ere ſtill more dreadful: poverty, at-ended by infamy and want, groaning nder the cruel hand of oppreſſion nd the taunts of inſolence, was be-ore my eyes. I, who had once been he darling and the pride of indulgent arents, who had once been beloved, eſpected, and admired, was now the utcaſt of human nature, deſpiſed and voided by all who had ever loved ne, by all whom I had moſt loved! ateful to myſelf, belonging to no ne, expoſed to wrongs and inſults rom all!

I tried to find out the cauſe of this liſmal change, and how far I was

myſelf the occaſion of it. My conduct with reſpect to Sir George, though I ſpontaneouſly condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would juſtify. But as my principles could not preſerve me from vice, neither could they ſuſtain me in adverſity: conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and deſpair. I accuſed the Supreme Being of cruelty and injuſtice, who, though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhed me with the conſequences of indulgence.

indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he muſt be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeſervedly miſerable, either from chance or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in which all my proſpects terminate. Take back, ſaid I, lifting my eyes to heaven, the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and exalted to miſery.

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do? At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwer him; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhowed, and the tenderneſs with

which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! Madam," ſaid he, "theſe "are gracious ſigns, and unlike thoſe "which firſt drew my attention, and "made me watch you unobſerved, "fearing ſome fatal purpoſe in your "mind. What muſt be the thoughts "which could make a face like your's "appear the picture of horror? I was "taking my morning walk, and have "ſeen you a conſiderable time; ſome-"times ſtopping and wringing your "hands, ſometimes quickening your "pace, and ſometimes walking ſlow "with your eyes fixed on the ground, "till you raiſed them to heaven, with "looks not of ſupplication and piety, "but rather of accuſation and defi-"ance. For pity tell me how is it "that you have quarrelled with your-"ſelf, with life, nay even with HEA-"VEN? Recall your reaſon and your

" hope, and let this ſeaſonable preven-
" tion of your fatal purpoſe be an ear-
" neſt to you of good things to come;
" of GOD's mercy not yet alienated
" from you, and ſtooping from his
" throne to ſave your ſoul from per-
" dition."

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me ſo much relief, that I found myſelf able to ſpeak, and deſirous to expreſs my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was ſo long ſince I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt ſurpriſing comfort and pleaſure from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to

me, whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern; and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrated that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he had found me. "This poor lady," ſaid he, "from the fault of her educa-"tion and principles, ſees every thing

"through

" through a gloomy medium: ſhe ac-
" cuſes PROVIDENCE, and hates her
" exiſtence, for thoſe evils, which are
" the common lot of mankind in this
" ſhort ſtate of trial. You, my dear,
" who are one of the greateſt ſufferers I
" have known, are beſt qualified to
" cure her of her faulty impatience;
" and to convince her, by your own
" example, that this world is not the
" place in which virtue is to find its
" reward. She thinks no one ſo un-
" happy as herſelf; but if ſhe knew
" all that you have gone through, ſhe
" would ſurely be ſenſible, that if you
" are happier than ſhe, it is only be-
" cauſe your principles are better."

" Indeed, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe,
" that is the only advantage I have
" over you; but that indeed outweighs
" every thing elſe. It is now but ten
" days ſince I followed to the grave my
" only ſon, the ſurvivor of eight chil-
" dren, who were all equally the objects

then ſtepping to her cloſet, reached a BIBLE, which ſhe put into my hands. "See there," ſaid ſhe, "the volume "in which I learn this art. Here I "am taught, that everlaſting glory is in "ſtore for all who will accept it upon "the terms which INFINITE PERFEC-"TION has preſcribed; here I am pro-"miſed conſolation, aſſiſtance, and ſup-"port from the LORD OF LIFE; and "here I am aſſured that my tranſient "afflictions are only meant to fit me "for eternal and unſpeakable happi-"neſs. This happineſs is at hand. "The ſhort remainder of my life "ſeems but a point, beyond which "opens the glorious proſpect of im-"mortality. Thus encouraged, how "ſhould I be dejected? Thus ſup-"ported, how ſhould I ſink? With "ſuch proſpects, ſuch aſſured hopes, "how can I be otherwiſe than hap-"py?"

While ſhe ſpoke, her eyes ſparkled, and

and her whole face ſeemed animated with joy. I was ſtruck with her manner, as well as her words. Every ſyllable ſhe uttered ſeemed to ſink into my ſoul, ſo that I never can forget it. I reſolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing ſuch effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple preſſed me with ſo much unaffected kindneſs, to make their little parſonage my aſylum till I could better diſpoſe of myſelf, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the aſſiſtance of the clergyman, who is a plain, ſenſible, and truly pious man, I have ſtudied the HOLY SCRIPTURES, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinſic arguments of their truth ſuperfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the conſiſtency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propoſe,

poſe, together with the ſtriking example I had before my eyes of their ſalutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witneſs to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much ſoftneſs and tenderneſs as ever I ſaw in a female character, ſhe ſhewed more dauntleſs intrepidity than the ſterneſt philoſopher or the proudeſt hero. No torment could ſhake the conſtancy of her ſoul, or length of pain wear out the ſtrength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her laſt breath in thankſgiving, and ſaw the ſmile of extaſy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the SACRED WRITINGS, "O Death! where is thy ſting? "O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my ex-
llent benefactor, and get my bread
a ſervice, to which he has recommend-
me in a neighbouring family. A
te of ſervitude, to which once I could
t reſolve to yield, appears no longer
adful to me; that pride, which
uld have made it galling, CHRIS-
ANITY has ſubdued, though philoſo-
y attempted it in vain. As a peni-
it, I ſhould gratefully ſubmit to
rtification; but as a CHRISTIAN, I
d myſelf ſuperior to every mortifi-
ion, except the ſenſe of guilt. This
s humbled me to the duſt: but the
l aſſurances, that are given me by
: SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, of the
VINE pardon and favour upon ſin-
e repentance, have calmed my
ubled ſpirit, and filled my mind
h peace and joy, which the world
neither give nor take away. Thus,
hout any change for the better in
outward circumſtances, I find my-
ſelf

ſelf changed from a diſtracted, poor, deſpairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleaſed with my preſent ſtate of exiſtence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endleſs glory and happineſs.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of enquiring into thoſe truths which moſt concern them, and who are led by faſhion, and the pride of human reaſon, into a contempt for the SACRED ORACLES of GOD; tell them theſe amazing effects of the power of CHRISTIANITY; tell them this truth, which experience has taught me, that "Though "VICE is conſtantly attended by mi-"ſery, VIRTUE itſelf cannot confer "happineſs in this world, except it is "animated with the hopes of eternal "bliſs in the world to come."

I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

POEMS.

O E M S.

en during a violent Storm at Midnight, 1749.

loomy pomp whilſt awful Midnight reigns,
d wide o'er earth her mournful mantle ſpreads,
lſt deep-voic'd thunders threaten guilty heads,
iſhing torrents drown the frighted plains,
iick-glanced lightnings, to my dazzled ſight
the double horrors of the night;

nn ſtillneſs creeps upon my ſoul,
all its pow'rs in deep attention die;
heart forgets to beat; my ſtedfaſt eye
s the flying gleam; the diſtant roll,
cing gradual, ſwells upon my ear
ouder peals, more dreadful as more near.

Awake,

Awake, my ſoul, from thy forgetful trance!
The ſtorm calls loud, and Meditation wakes;
How at the ſound pale Superſtition ſhakes,
Whilſt all her train of frantic Fears advance!
Children of Darkneſs, hence! fly far from me!
And dwell with Guilt and Infidelity!

But come, with look compoſed and ſober pace,
Calm Contemplation, come! and hither lead
Devotion, that on earth diſdains to tread;
Her inward flame illumes her glowing face,
Her upcaſt eye, and ſpreading wings, prepare
Her flight for heav'n, to find her treaſure there.

She ſees, enraptur'd, thro' the thickeſt gloom,
Celeſtial beauty beam, and, midſt the howl
Of warring winds, ſweet muſic charms her ſoul;
She ſees, while rifted oaks in flames conſume,
A Father-God, that o'er the ſtorm preſides,
Threatens, to ſave, and loves, when moſt he chides.

Occaſioned

Occaſioned by reading

Sonnets written in the Stile and Manner of Spenſer, by T. EDWARDS, Eſq;

1749.

BLEST Bard! to whom the Muſes, grateful, gave
That pipe which erſt their deareſt Spenſer won,
As once they found thee, penſive and alone,
Strewing ſweet flow'rs upon his hallow'd grave;
Then bad thy fancy glow with ſacred fire,
And ſofteſt airs thy rural verſe inſpire.

Again the elfin Faies and Sylphids come,
At duſky eve, or in the moon-light pale,
To the accuſtom'd mead, or ſhadowy dale,
Or where the wild wood ſheds a browner gloom,
Where oft, unſeen, they liſten'd to the lay
Of their loved Colin-clout, till peep of day.

Once

Once more they liſten, while with mimic hand
Thou tun'ſt his ruſtic reed; and oft their feet,
Charm'd by thy ſimple verſe and muſic ſweet,
Forget the dance, and all in ſilence ſtand;
They huſh the breeze, and chide the brook to peace,
And Philomel is mute till Damon ceaſe.

But moſt thy ſtrains my raptur'd ſpirits raiſe,
When love of virtue prompts thy tuneful tongue;
When * Richardſon's lov'd name adorns thy ſong,
What honeſt heart but echoes back thy praiſe!
Sing on, ſweet bard! prolong the darling theme!
Huſh'd be the breeze! and mute the bab'ling ſtream!

Fain would I, ſhepherd, catch the pleaſing note,
And vainly try to learn thy wond'rous ſkill;
So the young linnet, when with varied trill
The Woodlark ſhakes his wildly-warbling throat,
Delighted, flutters quick her trembling wing,
Tries her weak voice, and twitt'ring, aims to ſing.

* Mr. Samuel Richardſon, Author of Clariſſa, and of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Sonnet

Sonnet to Miſs MULSO,

In Anſwer to the foregoing.

By T. EDWARDS, Eſq.

SWEET Linnet, who from off the laurel ſpray
That hangs o'er Spenſer's ever ſacred tomb,
Pour'ſt out ſuch notes as ſtrike the Woodlark dumb,
And vie with Philomel's enchanting lay;

How ſhall my verſe thy melody repay?
If my weak voice could reach the age to come,
Like Colin Clout's, thy name ſhould ever bloom
Through future times, unconſcious of decay:

But my frail aid thy merits not require;
Thee Polyhymnia, in the roſeate bow'rs
Of high Parnaſſus, 'midſt the vocal throng
Shall glad receive, and to her tuneful ſire
Preſent, where, crown'd with amarantine flow'rs,
The raptured choir ſhall liſten to thy ſong.

To Health.

O Health! thou friend of Nature! Goddeſs blythe,
That oft upon the Uplands bleak art ſeen,
Printing with nimble ſtep the dewy green,
To help the early mower whet his ſcythe,
Or with the jocund ſwain partake the toil
To preſs the plough, and break the ſtubborn ſoil;

Ah, wherefore doſt thou fly me, nymph divine?
With Youth and Innocence thou lov'ſt to dwell,
And gentle Peace, ſoft whiſp'ring, "all is well!"
Youth, Innocence, and gentle Peace are mine;
Nor ſacred Friendſhip to my heart denies
Her richeſt treaſures, and her ſweeteſt joys.

No boiſt'rous paſſion ſhook my troubled frame,
To fright thee from my breaſt, nor pining Care,
Nor rankling Envy ever feſter'd there,
Nor did Intemp'rance e'er my blood inflame;
And Grief, tho' long an inmate of my mind,
To Hope and Chearfulneſs her place reſign'd.

O Health,

alth, thy Napier calls, well-ſkill'd to ſave,
: of thy foes, and friend of human race,
ioſe potent hand the tyrant Pain can chaſe,
ɔale Diſeaſe, that points an op'ning grave;
hou, ungrateful, can'ſt to him deny,
glad return, freſh ſource of ſpringing joy!

ɔut thee, Virtue's ſelf forgets to ſmile,
d ſuff'ring ſaints with heav'n in view complain;
loſophy, and Stoic pride how vain,
ſle anguiſh, or the ſenſe beguile!
ou art often to the good unkind,
Fortune partial, and to merit blind.

hou not left a Richardſon unbleſt?
wooes thee ſtill in vain, relentleſs maid!
ɔ' ſkill'd in ſweeteſt accents to perſuade,
vake ſoft Pity in a ſavage breaſt.
/irtue loves, and brighteſt Fame is his,
thou too, Goddeſs, and complete his bliſs

But if regardleſs thou can'ſt hear *him* ſigh,
Shall *I* not ſilence my preſumptuous plea?
To him obdurate, wilt thou yield to me?
Ah no!—to thee, mild Patience, I'll apply,
Affliction's nurſe! hear thou my humbler pray'r,
And teach, the ills I may not ſhun, to bear!

To a Robin-Redbreaſt.

DEAR ſocial bird! that giv'ſt with fearleſs love
Thy tender form to man's protecting care,
Pleas'd, when rude tempeſts vex the ruffled air,
For the warm roof to leave the naked grove;

Kindeſt and laſt of Summer's tuneful train!
Ah! do not yet give o'er thy plaintive lay;
But charm ſoft Zephyr to a longer ſtay,
And oft renew thy ſweetly parting ſtrain.

So when rough Winter frowns with brow ſevere,
And chilling blaſts ſhall ſtrip the ſhelt'ring trees,
When meagre Want thy ſhiv'ring frame ſhall ſeize,
And Death, with dart uplifted, hover near,
My grateful hand the lib'ral crumbs ſhall give,
My boſom warm thee, and my kiſs revive.

To Stella.

NO more, my Stella, to the ſighing ſhades,
Of blaſted hope and luckleſs love complain;
But join the ſports of Dian's careleſs maids,
And laughing Liberty's triumphant train.

And ſee, with theſe is holy Friendſhip found,
With chryſtal boſom open to the ſight;
Her gentle hand ſhall cloſe the recent wound,
And fill the vacant heart with calm delight.

Nor Prudence ſlow, that ever comes too late,
Nor ſtern-brow'd Duty, check her gen'rous flame;
On all her footſteps Peace and Honour wait,
And Slander's ready tongue reveres her name.

Say, Stella, what is Love, whoſe tyrant pow'r
Robs Virtue of content and Youth of joy?
What nymph or goddeſs, in a fatal hour,
Gave to the world this miſchief-making boy?

By lying bards in forms ſo various ſhewn,
Deck'd with falſe charms or arm'd with terrors vain,
Who ſhall his real properties make known,
Declare his nature, and his birth explain?

Some ſay, of Idleneſs and Pleaſure bred,
The ſmiling babe on beds of roſes lay,
There, with ſweet honey-dews by Fancy fed,
His blooming beauties open'd to the day.

His wanton head with fading chaplets bound,
Dancing, he leads his filly vot'ries on
To precipices deep o'er faithleſs ground,
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitleſs moan.

Some ſay from Etna's burning entrails torn,
More fierce than tygers on the Libyan plain,
Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born,
Love wildly rages like the foaming main.

With darts and flames ſome arm his feeble hands,
His infant brow with regal honours crown;
Whilſt vanquiſh'd Reaſon, bound with ſilken bands,
Meanly ſubmiſſive, falls before his throne.

Each fabling poet ſure alike miſtakes
The gentle pow'r that reigns o'er tender hearts!
Soft Love no tempeſt hurls, nor thunder ſhakes,
Nor liſts the flaming torch, nor poiſon'd darts.

Heav'n-born, the brighteſt ſeraph of the ſky,
For Eden's bow'r he left his bliſsful ſeat,
When Adam's blameleſs ſuit was heard on high,
And beauteous Eve firſt chear'd his lone retreat.

At Love's approach all earth rejoic'd, each hill,
Each grove that learnt it from the whiſp'ring gale;
Joyous the birds their liveliſt chorus fill,
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.

Well pleaſed in Paradiſe awhile he roves,
With Innocence and Friendſhip, hand in hand;
Till Sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,
And frighted Innocence forſook the land.

But Love, ſtill faithful to the guilty pair,
With them was driv'n amidſt a world of woes,
Where oft he mourns his loſt companion dear,
And trembling flies before his rigid foes.

Honour, in burniſh'd ſteel completely clad,
And hoary Wiſdom, oft againſt him arm;
Suſpicion pale, and Diſappointment ſad,
Vain Hopes and frantic Fears his heart alarm.

Fly then, dear Stella, fly th' unequal ſtrife,
Since Fate forbids that Peace ſhould dwell with Love!
Friendſhip's calm joys ſhall glad thy future life,
And Virtue lead to endleſs bliſs above.

To Aſpaſia,

In Anſwer to the foregoing,

By * Miſs H*******.

WISDOM, Aſpaſia, by thy gentle muſe,
Warns me to ſhun the dang'rous paths of Lo
And rather thoſe of ſober Friendſhip chooſe,
With chearful Liberty in Dian's grove.

Yet, led by Fancy through deceitful ground,
Oft have I Friendſhip ſought, but ſought in vain
Unfaithful friends with myrtle wreaths I crown'd,
Unpleaſing ſubjects of my plaintive ſtrain.

In youthful innocence, a ſchool-day friend
Firſt gain'd my ſiſter-vows; unhappy maid!
How did I wipe thy tears, thy griefs attend,
And how was all my tenderneſs repaid!

* Now Mrs. D*******, to whoſe kindneſs Mrs. Chapone is indebted for the liberty of inſerting here this elegant Anſwer to Ode to Stella.

No ſooner Grandeur, Love, and Fortune ſmiled,
Than baſe Ingratitude thy heart betrays,
That friend forgot, who all thy woes beguiled,
Loſt in the ſun-ſhine of thy proſperous days.

Save me, kind Heav'n, from ſmiling Fortune's power!
And may my wiſhes never meet ſucceſs,
If e'er I can forget, one ſingle hour,
The friend who gave me comfort in diſtreſs!

Yet Friendſhip's influence I again implored,
To heal the wounds by Diſappointment made;
Friendſhip my ſoul to balmy Peace reſtored,
And ſent a gentle virgin to my aid.

Soft, modeſt, penſive, melancholy Fair,
She ſeem'd to Love and pining Grief a prey;
I ſaw her fading cheek, and feared Deſpair
Fed on her heart and ſtole her life away.

But ah! how chang'd my friend! how vain my fears
Not Death, but Hymen ſtole her from my heart;
Another love diſpell'd her ſighs and tears,
And Fame was left the ſecret to impart.

Not twice the changing moon her courſe had run
Since firſt the pleaſing youth was ſeen and loved,
The Fair in ſecret haſte he woo'd and won,
No friend conſulted, for no friend approved.

Suſpence not long my anxious boſom pain'd,
My friend arrived, I claſp'd her to my breaſt,
I wept, I ſmiled, alternate paſſions reign'd,
Till ſhe the ſad unwelcome tale confeſs'd.

Loſt to her brother, country, and to me,
A ſtranger wafts her to a foreign ſhore,
She travels mountains, and defies the ſea,
Nor thinks of Albion or of Stella more.

Sure Nature in her weakeſt, ſofteſt mould,
Form'd my unhappy heart, Falſe-Friendſhip's prey!
Another ſtory yet remains untold,
Which fond Compaſſion bids me not diſplay:

The lovely ſiſter of a faithleſs friend
Weeping intreats me ſpare the recent tale;
Her ſighs I hear, her wiſhes I attend,
And o'er her ſiſter's failings draw the veil.

This my ſucceſs in ſearch of Friendſhip's grove,
Where Liberty and Peace I hoped to find,
And ſoften'd thus with Grief, deceitful Love,
In Friendſhip's borrow'd garb, attack'd my mind.

No paſſion raging like the roaring main,
But calm and gentle as a ſummer ſea,
Meek Modeſty and Virtue in his train,
What Friendſhip ought, true Love appear'd to be.

But ſoon was chang'd, alas! the pleaſing ſcene,
Soon threat'ning ſtorms my timid heart alarm'd;
And Love no more appear'd with brow ſerene,
But cloath'd in terrors, and with dangers arm'd.

From theſe enchanted bow'rs my ſteps I turn,
And ſeek from Prudence, ſafety and repoſe;
Her rigid leſſons I reſolve to learn,
And gain that bliſs which ſelf-approof beſtows.

Thus, dear Aſpaſia, my unhappy fate,
My heart's firſt darling ſchemes all blaſted, ſee;
Yet now my boſom glows with hope elate,
Fair Friendſhip's bleſſings ſtill to find with thee.

By thee conducted to the realms of Peace,
No more in plaintive ſtrains the muſe ſhall ſing,
Henceforth with hymns of praiſe, and grateful bliſs,
The groves ſhall echo, and the valleys ring.

* To Peace:

Written during the late Rebellion, 1745.

REturn, ſweet Peace! Ah whither art thou flown?
How art thou frighted from this wretched land!
Which once it pleaſed thee to protect and own,
How great! how bleſt! beneath thy mild command.

Fair child of holy Love! companion dear
Of meek Content and ſmiling Innocence!
Oh! if thy gentle eyes ſuch ſight can bear,
Of Britain's ſons behold the dire offence!

Behold ſad Caledonia's horrid plain,
What hellish fury fires the ſhouting bands!
Ah ſee! with brother's blood their ſwords they ſtain;
Ye weeping angels, hold their murd'rous hands!

* This was written at a very early age, and was the author's firſt poetical attempt.

Thy

Thy banks, fair Tweed! were wont to eccho ſweet
The lover's wailing, and the lover's ſong;
Or, to the jocund pipe, the ſounding feet
Of blitheſt lads, thy bonny berks among:

Now bright-arm'd hoſts thy pleaſant banks invade
And fright thy helpleſs villages around;
Thy ſhepherds leave their flocks, and fly diſmay'
With war's harſh din the diſtant rocks reſound

Th' induſtrious merchant's ever-anxious mind,
Oppreſt with care, his treaſure loſt deplores;
Yet curſes he nor treach'rous ſeas, nor wind,
Nor pointed rocks unſeen, nor craggy ſhores;

But thee he curſes, oh thou moſt accurſt!
Offspring of mad Ambition! cruel War!
Go reign in hell, be there ſupremely worſt,
The blackeſt, moſt malignant demon far!

Whe

Whether remote in twilight ſhades you ſleep,
Mild Peace! or chuſe in cottage low to dwell;
Or won by pray'r, and nurſt in ſilence deep,
Hide your fair form within the hermit's cell;

Oh let Britannia's griefs thy pity move;
Return! and with thee bring a beauteous train;
Plenty, and Order, Piety, and Love,
And Art, and Science, wait thy bliſsful reign.

Ah turn! let thy majeſtic look ſerene
Check the wild rage of thy preſumptuous foes:
Thy beamy ſmile ſhall calm the troubled ſcene,
Chear my ſad heart, and heal my country's woes.

To Solitude.

THOU gentle nurſe of pleaſing woe!
To thee, from crowds and noiſe and ſho
With eager haſte I fly.
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
O let no buſy foot intrude,
Nor liſt'ning ear be nigh!

Soft, ſilent, melancholy maid!
With thee to yon ſequeſter'd ſhade
My penſive ſteps I bend;
Still, at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her ſober light,
Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone my conſcious heart
Its tender ſorrow dares impart,

And eaſe my lab'ring breaſt;
To thee I truſt the riſing ſigh,
And bid the tear that ſwells mine eye
No longer be ſuppreſt.

With thee among the haunted groves
The lovely ſorc'reſs Fancy roves,
O let me find her here!
For ſhe can time and ſpace controul,
And ſwift tranſport my fleeting ſoul
To all it holds moſt dear!

Ah no!—ye vain deluſions hence!
No more the hallow'd influence
Of Solitude pervert!
Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to Wiſdom's awful pow'r
And calm Reflection's part?

O Wiſdom! from the ſea-beat ſhore
Where, liſt'ning to the ſolemn roar,

Thy lov'd * Eliza ſtrays,
Vouchſafe to viſit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
Thy heav'n-protected ways!

Oh guide me to the humble cell
Where Reſignation loves to dwell,
Contentment's bow'r in view.
Nor pining Grief with Abſence drear,
Nor ſick Suſpenſe, nor anxious Fear,
Shall there my ſteps purſue.

There let my ſoul to *him* aſpire
Whom none e'er ſought with vain deſire,
Nor lov'd in ſad deſpair!
There, to his gracious will divine
My deareſt, fondeſt hope reſign,
And all my tend'reſt care!

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a lady well known to the world, author of a beautiful Ode to Wiſdom.

Then Peace ſhall heal this wounded breaſt,
That pants to ſee another bleſt,
From ſelfiſh paſſion pure;
Peace, which when human wiſhes riſe
Intenſe, for aught beneath the ſkies,
Can never be ſecure.

Shall not my reed be tuned for thee,
Thou friend of ſweet Society?
Patron of rational ſerene delights!
Welcome thy keen enliv'ning froſt!
Thy doubtful days in twilight loſt!
Welcome thy long-protracted ſocial nights!

Tho' FANCY flies thy ſullen reign,
And ev'ry Muſe forſakes the plain,
Nor haunts the leafleſs grove, nor ice-bound ſtream
PHILOSOPHY and REASON view
Thy hoary head with rev'rence due,
And bid thy horrors raiſe their ſolemn theme.

Well pleaſed, thy hollow voice they hear
Among the naked branches drear,
Or through the vaulted cavern bellowing loud;
Or liſten ſtudious to the ſound
Of ruſhing waters, pouring round,
From the black boſom of th' impending cloud.

Thee glad DEVOTION's heav'n-taught lays
Shall welcome! She, with conſtant praiſe,
Meets each appointment of great Nature's King.
Thy dear return, with bleſſings fraught,
Shall ever wake my grateful thought,
And annual off'rings to thy fane I'll bring.

Polveroſo al ſole in faccia
Si ſcolora il verde faggio,
Che di frondi al nuovo maggio
Le ſue braccia
Riveſtì.
Ed ingrato al ſuol natio
Fuor del tronco ombra non ſtende,
Nè dal ſol l'acque difende
Di quel rio
Che lo nutrì.

Molle il volto, il ſen bagnato,
Dorme ſteſo in ſtrana guiſa
Su la meſſe già reciſa
L'affannato
Mietitor:
E con man pietoſa, e pronte
Va tergendogli la bella
Amoroſa villanella
Della fronte
Il ſuo ſudor.

Diſcolour'd, dry, the tall majeſtic beech,
That MAY had freſhly clothed in vivid green,
And bade his broad arms, wide projected, reach,
The pride, the glory of the ſylvan ſcene,

Withers, ungrateful to its native ground,
And ſcarce beyond the trunk its ſhadows ſpread;
No ſhelt'ring leaves protect with coolneſs round
The friendly rill that long its branches fed.

His face and boſom bathed in honeſt ſweat,
The weary reaper throws him careleſs down,
Stretch'd on the ſwarth, and, thro' the mid-day heat,
Sleeps on the harveſt that his labours crown:

Whilſt, with a ready and a tender hand,
The village-maid, to love and Corin true,
Intent and ſilent takes her careful ſtand,
And from his forehead wipes the trickling dew.

Là ſu l'arido terreno
Scemo il Can d'ogni vigore
Langue accanto al ſuo ſignore
E nè meno
Oſa latrar;
Ma tramaſida al ſeno oppreſſo
Per le fauci inaridite
Nuove ſempre aure gradite
Con lo ſpeſſo
Reſpirar.

Quel Torel, ch' innamorava
Del ſuo ardir ninfe, e paſtori
Se ne' tronchi degli allori
S'avezzava
A ben ferir,
Del ruſcello or ſu le ſponde
Lento giace, e mugge, e guata
La giovenca innamorata,
Che riſponde
Al ſuo muggir.

Per

On the ſcorch'd ground, near his loved maſter, lies
The panting Dog, whoſe clammy jaws now fail
To give the watchful bark, and oft he tries,
With quick ſhort breath, to catch the grateful gale.

The youthful Bull, whom oft the ruſtic ſwain
With wonder ſaw exert his dauntleſs might,
No more, with butting forehead, rules the plain,
Nor wounds the bending trees in mimic fight.

Laid on the margin of the ſcanty rill,
Lowing, he watches his lov'd Heifer near;
Whoſe faint reſponſive moans no longer fill
Heav'n's echoing vault, but feebly ſtrike the ear.

No

Pur l'Estate tormentosa,
S'io rimiro, amata Fille,
Le tue placide pupille,
Si penosa
A me non è:
Mi conduca il cieco Dio
Fra' Numidi, o al Mar gelato,
Io sarò sempre beato,
Idol mio,
Vicino a te.

Benchè adusta abbia la fronte
Con le curve opposte spalle,
Una ombrosa opaca valle
Cela il monte
Al caldo sol:
Là dall' alto in giù cadendo
Serpe un rio limpido, e vago,
Che raccolto in picciol lago
Va nutrendo
Il verde suol.

Là

Yet will not I deplore the painful heat,
Tho' SUMMER drives her burning car ſo nigh,
When my fond looks my lovely Phillis greet,
And the ſoft languiſh of her modeſt eye.

Lead me, blind God, if ſuch thy wild decree,
To Afric's ſands with ceaſeleſs heats oppreſt,
Or where cold Zembla views her frozen ſea,
Sure, if with thee, my faireſt, to be bleſt.

And ſee, my love, beneath that mountain's height,
That bares its ſhoulder to the burning ſkies,
Cool, and protected from oppreſſive light,
Form'd for retreat, the ſhady valley lies.

There down the rocks the winding riv'lets flow,
Thro' ſhaggy brakes their limpid ſtreams are ſeen,
Which, gather'd in the chryſtal lake below,
Nouriſh the fertile vale's perennial green.

Là del ſol dubbia è la luce,
Come ſuol notturna luna,
Nè paſtor greggia importuna
Vi conduce
A paſcolar:
E ſe v'entra il ſol furtivo,
Vedi l'ombra delle piante
Al variar d'aura incoſtante
Dentro il rivo
Tremolar.

Là, mia vita, unitì andiamo,
Là cantando il dì s'inganni:
Per timor di nuovi affanni
Non laſciamo
Di gioir.
Che raddoppia i ſuoi tormenti,
Chi con occhio mal ſicuro
Fra la nebbia del futuro
Va gli eventi
A prevenir.

: the ſun's doubtful light, attemper'd, ſhews
e the mild luſtre of the nightly moon;
epherd the ſequeſter'd ſhelter knows,
r thither leads th' intruding flock at noon.

d through the gloom the ſtealthy ſun prevail,
from his ray the ſcene new beauties take;
nargin plants, mov'd by the varying gale,
flected wave along the trembling lake.

it ſweet ſpot together let us live;
e tedious day ſhall haſten while we ſing;
nt and joy the preſent hour ſhall give,
d hide the ills futurity may bring:

oes on woes that anxious wretch purſue,
d on his ſoul fantaſtic terrors croud,
dares with eye diſtruſtful ſtretch his view
ere Fate has ſpread her providential cloud.

Me non ſdegni il biondo Dio,
Me con Fille unisca Amore;
E poi sfoghi il suo rigore
Fato rio,
Nemico ciel.
Che il desio non mi tormenta
O di fasto, o di ricchezza;
Nè d'incomoda vecchiezza
Mi spaventa
Il pigro gel.

Curvo il tergo, e bianco il mento
Toccherò le corde usate,
E alle corde mal temprate
Roco accento
Accoppierò:
E a que' rai non più vivaci
Rivolgendomi talora,
Su la man, che m'innamora,
Freddi baci
Imprimerò.

Let but the fair-hair'd God confirm my ſtate,
In ſilken bands to my lov'd Phillis led,
Let adverſe ſeaſons then and cruel Fate
Exhauſt their rigours on my patient head.

For me nor wealth, nor glitt'ring pomp allure,
Their ſpecious charms no more my heart engage,
Nor ſhall it ſhrink, affrighted, to endure
The lazy froſt of chill enervate age:

For then, with bending back, and ſnowy beard,
And trembling hand, I'll touch th' accuſtom'd ſtring,
And ſtill, with partial ear by Phillis heard,
To Love and her, in hoarſer accents ſing;

Still on thoſe faded eyes my ſight I'll reſt,
No longer kindling at her lover's ſong;
And print, while preſſing to my faithful breaſt,
Cold kiſſes on the hand I loved ſo long.

Giuſti Dei, che ripoſate
Placidiſſimi ſull'etra,
La mia Fille, e la mia cetra
Deh ſerbate
Per pietà!
Fili poi la Parca avara
I miei dì mill' anni, e mille,
La mia cetra, e la mia Fille
Sempre cara
A me ſarà.

Ye who at eaſe on ether ſoft recline,
Indulgent hear this only fond deſire!
Oh hear, for gentle pity, Pow'rs divine!
And grant me ſtill my Phillis and my lyre!

Then would penurious Fate the pray'r regard,
And ſpin my days beyond the thouſandth year,
Still to the boſom of their grateful bard
My lyre and Phillis ſhould be ever dear.

Sonnetto.

QUAL agnellina dal ſentiero uſcita,
E'l paſtor e l'ovil poſto in oblio,
Molt' anni errò, lungi da té, mio dio,
Da té, vero Paſtor, l'alma fuggita.

Se mirò vago rio, valle fiorita,
Colá rivolſe il giovenil deſio,
Ma ſempre amari i fior, torbido il rio
Ella trovò, dal proprio error tradita.

Ond'hor, cangiato alfin l'incauto ſtile,
Gia del ſuo lungo vaneggiar ſi pente,
E a té ritorna ed al tuo fido ovile:
Deh l'accogli, O Signor! ſe'l ciel lucente
Un di cangiaſti con capanna umile
Per lei ſottrar d'infernal lupo al dente.

Tranſ-

Tranſlation of the foregoing Sonnet.

HOW like a wanton lamb that careleſs play'd,
The ſhepherd and the fold forgotten quite,
My vagrant ſoul, in ſearch of vain delight,
Many long years from her true Shepherd ſtray'd!

If winding ſtream or flow'ry vale ſhe ſpied,
Thither her youthful wiſhes eager led;
But bitter were the flow'rs on which ſhe fed,
The turbid ſtream no cooling draught ſupplied.

Thus oft beguil'd, at length her fruitleſs range,
Her heedleſs wand'ring ſteps, ſhe deeply mourns,
And back to thee and to thy fold returns.
Receive her, deareſt Lord! who once didſt change
Heav'n's brighteſt manſion for a roof of ſtraw,
To ſnatch her from the wolf's devouring jaw.

An irregular Ode,

To Mrs. Eliz. Carter,

Who had recommended to me the Stoic Philoſophy, as productive of Fortitude; and who was about to publiſh a Tranſlation of Epictetus.

I.

COME, Epictetus, arm my breaſt
With thy impenetrable ſteel,
No more the wounds of grief to feel,
Nor mourn, by others' woes depreſt.
O teach my trembling heart,
To ſcorn Affliction's dart!
Teach me to mock the tyrant Pain!
For ſee, around me ſtand
A dreadful murd'rous band!
I fly their cruel pow'r in vain!
Here lurks Distemper's horrid train,
And *there* the Passions lift their flaming brands;
Theſe with fell rage my helpleſs body tear,
While *thoſe*, with daring hands,
Againſt th' immortal ſoul their impious weapons rear.

II. Where-

II.

Where-e'er I turn freſh evils meet my eyes ;
Sin, Sorrow, and Diſgrace
Purſue the human race !
There, on the bed of ſickneſs, VIRTUE lies !
See FRIENDSHIP bleeding by the ſword
Of baſe INGRATITUDE !
See baleful JEALOUSY intrude,
And poiſon all the bliſs that LOVE had ſtored !
Oh ſeal my ears againſt the piteous cry
Of Innocence diſtreſt !
Nor let me ſhrink when Fancy's eye
Beholds the guilty wretch's breaſt
Beneath the tort'ring pincers heave !
Nor for the num'rous wants of Mis'ry grieve,
Which all-diſpoſing Heav'n denies me to relieve !

III.

No longer let my fleeting joys depend
On ſocial or domeſtic ties !
Superior let my ſpirit riſe,
Not in the gentle counſels of a friend,

Nor

Nor in the ſmiles of love expect delight:
But teach me in MYSELF to find
Whate'er can pleaſe or fill my mind.
Let inward beauty charm the mental ſight;
Let godlike Reaſon, beaming bright,
Chaſe far away each gloomy ſhade,
Till VIRTUE's heav'nly form diſplay'd
Alone ſhall captivate my ſoul,
And her divineſt love poſſeſs me whole!

IV.

But ah! what means this impious pride,
Which heav'nly hoſts deride?
Within MYSELF does Virtue dwell?
Is all ſerene and beauteous there?
What mean theſe chilling damps of fear?
Tell me, Philoſophy! thou boaſter! tell:
This godlike all-ſufficient mind,
Which, in its own perfection bleſt,
Defies the woes or malice of mankind
To ſhake its ſelf-poſſeſſing reſt,

I

Is it not foul, weak, ignorant, and blind?
Oh man! from conſcious Virtue's praiſe
Fall'n, fall'n!—what refuge can'ſt thou find?
What pitying hand again will raiſe
From native earth thy groveling frame?
Ah, who will cleanſe thy heart from ſpot of ſinful blame?

V.

But ſee! what ſudden glories from the ſky
To my benighted ſoul appear,
And all the gloomy proſpect cheer!
What awful form approaches nigh?
Awful, yet mild, as is the ſouthern breeze
That whiſpers through the ruſtling trees,
And gently bids the foreſt nod.
Hark! thunder breaks the air, and angels ſpeak!
Behold the Saviour of the world! behold the Lamb
"of God!"
Ye ſons of Pride, behold his aſpect meek!
The tear of pity on his cheek!

See in his train appear
HUMILITY, and PATIENCE ſweet;
REPENTANCE, proſtrate at his ſacred feet,
Bedews with tears, and wipes them with her flowing hair!

VI.

What ſcenes now meet my wond'ring eyes!
What hallow'd grave,
By mourning maids attended round,
Attracts the Saviour's ſteps?—what heart-felt wound
His ſpotleſs boſom heaves with tender ſighs?
Why weeps the Son belov'd, omnipotent to ſave?
But lo! he waves his awful hand;
The ſleeping clay obeys his dread command.
O "*Lazarus! come forth!*"—come forth, and ſee
The dear effects of wond'rous love!
He, at whoſe word the ſeas and rocks remove,
Thy Friend, thy Lord, thy Maker, weeps for thee!

VII. Thy

VII.

Thy walls, Jeruſalem, have ſeen thy King,
In meekneſs clad, lament thy hapleſs fate!
Unquench'd his love, tho' paid with ruthleſs hate!
O loſt, relentleſs Sion! didſt thou know
Who thus vouchſafes thy courts to tread,
What loud Hoſannas wouldſt thou ſing!
How eager crown his honour'd head!
Nor ſee unmov'd his kind paternal woe,
Nor force his tears, his precious blood, for thee to flow!

VIII.

No more repine, my coward ſoul,
The ſorrows of mankind to ſhare,
Which he who could the world controul
Did not diſdain to bear!
Check not the flow of ſweet fraternal love,
By Heav'n's high King in bounty giv'n,
Thy ſtubborn heart to ſoften and improve,
Thy earth-clad ſpirit to refine,
And gradual raiſe to love divine,
And wing its ſoaring flight to Heav'n!

IX.

Nor thou, ELIZA, who from early youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue train'd,
Haſt ſought the fountain of eternal truth,
And each fair ſpring of knowledge drain'd,
Nor thou, with fond chimeras vain,
With Stoic pride, and fancied ſcorn
Of human feelings, human pain,
My feeble ſoul ſuſtain!
Far nobler precepts ſhould thy page adorn.
O, rather guide me to the ſacred ſource
Of real wiſdom, real force,
Thy life's unerring rule!
To thee fair Truth her radiant form unſhrouds,
Tho', wrapp'd in thick impenetrable clouds,
She mock'd the labours of the Grecian ſchool.

A LET-

A LETTER TO A NEW-MARRIED LADY.

INDEED, my dear young friend, you have highly obliged me by ſuch a diſtinguiſhing mark of friendſhip and conſideration as that of finding time, on the moſt important day of your life, to inform me, with your own hand, of your marriage: an event moſt intereſting to me, who wiſh your happineſs with the ſincereſt ardour. You tell me you expect from me, not a letter of formal congratulation, but of ſerious and friendly advice on the new ſituations and duties in which you are going to be engaged. You wiſh I could be always with you to

watch and direct your conduct, and ſeem full of that ſalutary fear and diſtruſt of your own prudence, which is the beſt ſecurity for youth and inexperience. Whilſt you retain this, I may venture to anſwer for you, that you will not materially deviate from the paths of duty and happineſs.

I am glad you are ſtill to remain a few weeks under the paternal roof, which has hitherto ſheltered you from every evil, and where you have ſeen examples only of good; but, from this ſcene of regularity and quiet chearfulneſs, you will ſoon go to London, to become miſtreſs of yourſelf and of a family, and to plunge at once into the hurry and buſtle of a world to which you are almoſt a ſtranger. Thither will my anxious good wiſhes attend you; for, on the manner of your firſt ſetting out depends

pends more than you can poſſibly imagine.

I know you have not been brought up in modiſh principles, and that you do not at preſent conſider marriage as a title to unbounded liberty and perpetual diſſipation, inſtead of a ſolemn engagement to ſubjection and obedience, to family cares and ſerious employments. You will probably indeed meet with people who will endeavour to laugh you out of all ſuch regards, and who will find ſomething very ludicrous in the idea of authority in a huſband. But, whatever your opinions may be on this head, it is certain that a man of Mr. B.'s generoſity would be much mortified and diſtreſſed to find himſelf obliged to exert his authority in reſtraining your pleaſures, particularly on his firſt ſetting out with you on the journey of life. He knows he

ſhould be univerſally condemned, as either jealous or covetous, ſhould he interfere to ſtem the torrent of diſſipation, into which it will be the buſineſs of moſt of your acquaintance to ſee you fairly plunged; for well they know that when once you are drawn into the whirlpool, more than female ſtrength is required to get out of it again. Curioſity and vanity will join their temptations. You have a new face and new finery to ſhew, new flattery to hear, and every fine place about town to ſee and to be ſeen in.

Alas! poor Mr. B.!—What chance have you for a moment's attention! and what a ſudden end is here of all that dear domeſtic happineſs to which you both look'd forward with rapture a few weeks ago!—You have nothing for it but to engage as deeply in the ſame courſe, and leave to whining ſwains in the country all ideas of that union

union of heart, that ſweet intercourſe of tenderneſs and friendſhip of which "ſoft ſouls in love" are apt to dream, when they think of living with the object of their wiſhes.

Mr. B. choſe you from affection only: the ſuperiority of his fortune, and the large field of choice which that fortune, joined with his amiable perſon and character, ſecured to him, precludes the poſſibility of any other motive. I—who know the diſintereſtedneſs of your nature, and the perfect freedom of rejection which your parents have always allowed you—have not the leaſt doubt that your preference of him was the genuine effect of a real attachment, without any bias from his riches. Youth is naturally diſintereſted, and your heart is hitherto uncorrupted. But, my dear, the mode of living, in this too civilized part of the world, leaves

ſcarce a ſingle trace of nature, and even youth now grows a ſtranger to tenderneſs and truth, and purſues wealth (as the means of gratifying vanity) with all the rapacity of an old uſurer. It is neceſſary therefore that you ſhould prove to your huſband the ſincerity of your attachment, which he may juſtly doubt if he ſees that your happineſs ariſes from the enjoyment of his fortune rather than of him. By a reſerved and moderate uſe of his indulgence, by always preferring his company, and that of his particular friends, to public diverſions and aſſemblies, by ſtudying his taſte rather than your own, and making the gratification of it your higheſt pleaſure, you muſt convince him that your heart is his own; a truth which ſhould always appear in the general tenor of your conduct, rather than in profeſſions, or

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in that officious parade of affection which deſigning women often ſubſtitute in the place of every genuine mark of tenderneſs and conſideration. Dean Swift*, in his coarſe way, ſays very ſenſible things on the ſubject of diſplaying affection, which however may ſafely be left to your own natural delicacy: "*l'amour, de ſa nature, aime* "*le ſecret*;" and a perſon of ſenſibility is always averſe to ſhewing any paſſion or affection before thoſe whoſe ſympathy is not intereſted in it. An amiable author † of much more delicacy than the Dean, goes ſo far as to adviſe his daughters never to ſhew the extent of their love, even to their huſbands; a precept which does no honour to his own ſex, and which would take from ours its ſweeteſt

* *Vide* Letter to a new-married Lady.

† Dr. Gregory.—*Vide* Father's Legacy.

charms,

charms, ſimplicity and artleſs tende
neſs. A haughty and imperious wo
man, who deſired an undue pow
over her huſband, would indeed c
wiſely to keep him always in ſuſpen
and conceal from him an affectio
which muſt increaſe his power a
diminiſh her own; but a gentle a
truly feminine nature has no ſu
deſires, and conſequently needs
ſuch arts. A modeſt heart may tr
its genuine feelings with a huſba
who has generoſity and delicacy, a
who, like yours, is untainted wi
that baſe opinion of women which
commerce with the worſt of the
always inſpires.

Swift, (and almoſt every m
writer on the ſubject) pronoun
that the paſſion of love in men
infallibly deſtroyed by poſſeſſion, a
can ſubſiſt but a ſhort time after m
riage. What a dreadful ſentence m

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this appear to you at this time! your heart, which feels its own affection increaſed, knows not how to ſupport the idea of ſuch a change in the beloved object: but, my dear friend, the God of Nature, who provided the paſſion of love as the incitement to marriage, has alſo provided reſources for the happineſs of this his own inſtitution, which kind and uncorrupted natures will not fail to find. It is not indeed intended that we ſhould paſs our lives in the delirium of paſſion: but whilſt this ſubſides, the habit of affection grows ſtrong. The tumult and anxiety of deſire muſt of courſe be at an end when the object is ſecure; but a milder and more ſerene happineſs ſucceeds, which in good hearts creates a tenderneſs that is often wanting amidſt the fervors of violent paſſion. Before this palls, your buſineſs is to build the

ſolid foundation of a durable fr
ſhip. This will beſt be done w
the partiality of fondneſs place
your excellencies in the faireſt p
of view, and draws a veil over
defects. This ſeaſon you ſhould
care to prolong, as far as is poſſ
that habit and eſteem may have
to take deep root: to this end
muſt avoid every thing that can c
a moment's diſguſt towards ei
your perſon or your mind. Keep
infirmities of both out of the ob
vation of your huſband more
pulouſly than of any other man;
never let your idea in his imagina
be accompanied with circumſta
unpleaſant or diſgraceful. A mi
of a family cannot always be ado
with ſmiles. It will ſometime
incumbent on you to find faults,
human nature may ſometimes fa
doing this with proper temper

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dignity; therefore let it never be done in the preſence of your huſband. Do not diſturb him with the detail of your grievances from ſervants or trades-people, nor with your methods of family-management. But above all, let nothing of this kind embitter his meals when you happen to be tête-à-tête at table. In mixing with the world and its affairs, he will often meet with ſuch things as cannot fail to hurt a mind like his, and which may ſometimes affect his temper. But when he returns to his own houſe, let him there find every thing ſerene and peaceful, and let your chearful complacency reſtore his good-humour, and quiet every uneaſy paſſion.

Endeavour to enter into his purſuits, catch his taſte, improve by his knowledge; nor let any thing that is intereſting to him appear a matter

of indifference to you. Thus will you make yourſelf delightful to him as a companion and friend, in whom he may be always ſure to find that ſympathy which is the grand cement of friendſhip. But if you affect to ſpeak of his purſuits as beyond your capacity or foreign to your taſte, you can be no longer pleaſing to him in that light, and muſt rely merely on your perſonal attractions, of which, alas, time and familiarity muſt every day impair the value. When you are in the country, perhaps you may ſometimes find hours, and even days for each other's ſociety, without any other company: in this caſe, converſation will hardly ſupply ſufficient entertainment; and, next to diſpleaſing or diſguſting him, you ſhould of all things dread his growing dull and weary in your company. If you can prevail upon him to read with you,

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to practiſe muſic with you, or to teach you a language or a ſcience, you will then find amuſement for every hour; and nothing is more endearing than ſuch communications. The improvements and accompliſhments you gain from him will be doubly valuable in his eſteem; and certainly you can never acquire them ſo agreeably as from his lips. And though you ſhould not naturally be diſpoſed to the ſame taſte in reading or amuſement, this may be acquired by habit, and by a hearty deſire of conforming to his inclinations and ſharing in his pleaſures. With ſuch a maſter you will find your underſtanding enlarge, and your taſte refine to a degree far beyond your expectations; and the ſweet reward of his praiſes will inſpire you with ſuch ſpirit and diligence as will eaſily ſurmount any natural inaptitude.

Your

Your behaviour to his particular friends and near relations will have the moſt important effects on your mutual happineſs. If you do not adopt his ſentiments with regard to theſe, your union muſt be very incompleat, and a thouſand diſagreeable circumſtances will continually ariſe from it. I am told that he is an excellent ſon to a mother, who, with many good qualities, has defects of temper which determined him to decline her continuing to live with him after his marriage. In this he is equally kind and prudent; for though he could himſelf meritoriouſly bear with failings to which he had been accuſtomed from his infancy, in a parent who doats upon him, yet this would have been too hard a taſk upon you, who have not an equal affection to ſupport your duty, and to whom her ways would have been new

and

and unuſual. But though I thus far highly approve his conſideration for you, yet you muſt remember how great a part of her happineſs ſhe is thus deprived of on your account, and make her all the amends in your power by your own attentions, as well as by promoting opportunities of indulging her in the company of her ſon. It would be a grievous charge on your conſcience, if thro' your means he ſhould become leſs obſervant of her, or diminiſh aught of that duty and affection which has hitherto ſo amiably diſtinguiſhed him. Be careful therefore that no diſpute may ever happen between this lady and yourſelf, no complaint from either of you diſturb his peace, to whom it would be ſo painful and unnatural to take part againſt either. Be armed againſt the ſallies of her temper, and predetermined never to

quarrel with her, whatever ſhe may ſay or do. In ſuch a relationſhip, this conduct would not be meanneſs but merit; nor would it imply any unworthy compliance or falſe aſſent; ſince ſilence and good-humoured ſteadineſs may always preſerve ſincerity in your converſation, and proper freedom in your conduct. If ſhe ſhould deſire to controul your actions, or to intermeddle in the affairs of your family, more than you think is reaſonable, hear her advice with patience, and anſwer with reſpect, but in a manner that may let her ſee you mean to judge of your own duties for yourſelf. "I will conſider of "what you are ſo good to obſerve to "me.——I will endeavour to rectify "whatever is amiſs"—or ſome ſuch general anſwer, will probably for the time put a ſtop to her attempts of this kind.

Great

Great care muſt be taken to proportion at leaſt your outward regards with equity and good-breeding between your husband's relations and your own. It would be happy if your feelings could be almoſt the ſame to both: but whether they are ſo or not, you are bound by duty and prudence to cultivate as much as poſſible the good-will and friendſhip of the family into which you are now adopted, without prejudice to that affection and gratitude in which I am ſure you can never be wanting towards your own.

If it is an important duty to avoid all diſſentions and diſobligations with thoſe who are nearly connected with your husband, of how much greater conſequence is it to avoid all occaſions of reſentment between yourſelves? Whatever may be ſaid of the quarrels of *lovers*, believe me thoſe of

married people have always dreadful conſequences, eſpecially if they are not very ſhort and very ſlight. If they are ſuffered to produce bitter or contemptuous expreſſions, or betray an habitual diſlike in one party of any thing in the perſon or mind of the other, ſuch wounds can ſcarcely ever be thoroughly healed: and tho' regard to principle and character lays the married couple under a neceſſity to make up the breach as well as they can, yet is their affiance in each other's affection ſo rudely ſhaken in ſuch conflicts, that it can hardly ever be perfectly fixed again. The painful recollection of what is paſt, will often intrude upon the tendereſt hours, and every trifle will awaken and renew it. You muſt *even now* be particularly on your guard againſt this ſource of miſery. A new-married pair, from their very exceſs of fond-

neſs, ſometimes give way to little jealouſies and childiſh quarrels, which at firſt perhaps quickly end in the renewal and increaſe of tenderneſs, but, if often repeated, they loſe theſe agreeable effects, and ſoon produce others of a contrary nature. The diſpute grows every time more ſerious —jealouſies and diſtruſts take deeper root—the temper is hurt on both ſides—habits of ſourneſs, thwarting, and mutual miſconſtruction prevail, and ſoon overpower all that tenderneſs which originally gave them birth. Keep it then conſtantly in mind, that the happineſs of marriage depends entirely upon a ſolid and permanent friendſhip, to which nothing is more oppoſite than jealouſy and diſtruſt. Nor are they leſs at variance with the true intereſts of paſſion. You can never be a gainer by taxing your huſband's affection beyond its natural

ſtrength; the fear of alarming your jealouſy, and bringing on a quarrel, may force him to feign a greater fondneſs than he feels; but this very effort and conſtraint will in fact diminiſh, and by degrees extinguiſh that fondneſs. If therefore he ſhould appear leſs tender or attentive than you wiſh, you muſt either awaken his paſſion by diſplaying ſome new grace —ſome winning charm of ſweetneſs and ſenſibility, or elſe conform (at leaſt in appearance) to that rate of tenderneſs which his example preſcribes; for it is your part rather modeſtly to follow as he leads, than make him feel the uneaſineſs of not being able to keep pace with you. At leaſt one may pronounce that there is nothing leſs likely to increaſe affection than ill-humour and captiouſneſs. The truth is, that pride

rather

rather than tenderneſs uſually occaſions the unreaſonable expectations of an exceptious perſon, and it is rewarded, as it deſerves, with mortifications, and the cold diſlike of thoſe who ſuffer from it.

I am unwilling to ſadden your preſent halcyon days and the fair proſpect of happineſs before you, by ſuppoſing the poſſibility of any proper cauſe of jealouſy—any real unkindneſs or infidelity on the part of Mr. B. As far as the human character can be known and relied on, you have reaſon to think yourſelf ſecure from this heavieſt of calamities; and nothing but irreſiſtible proof, unſought for, and obtruded upon your ſenſes, ſhould ever ſhake your confidence and eſteem. If this were to happen—if my dear tender friend ſhould be doom'd to the heart-breaking trial

of

exhorts his fair pupil to make friendſhips with any of her own ſe This is, in effect, forbidding her t make any friendſhips at all; for, th world, with very good reaſon, tole rates no male friends at your age excepting your neareſt relations. Th rules of decorum in ſuch points ar founded on a knowledge of huma nature, which young women canno have attained, and are therefore ap to deſpiſe ſuch rules, as founded o baſe ideas of the nature of friendſhip or of the hearts that entertain it But one would have ſuppoſed tha the Dean had lived long enough i the world, and thought ill enoug of mankind to have been convince of the impropriety of a young lady' making her ſtricteſt intimacies an confidential attachments with perſon of the other ſex. But, ſetting aſid the danger to her reputation and eve

t

er morals, ſurely a woman who
ſed her own ſex, and would con-
with none but men, would be
eſs ridiculous than a man who
ld paſs his whole time among
en. Like the monkey in the
, ſhe would ſtand a chance of
g rejected and diſowned by both
es. The reaſons the Dean gives
his prepoſterous advice, if ever
ded in truth, are certainly ſo no
er. You may find advantages
ne converſation of many ladies, if
equal to thoſe which men are
ified to *give*, yet equal at leaſt to
t *you*, *as a female*, are capable of
ving. Yet in one point the Dean
I agree; in recommending your
band to be your firſt and deareſt
nd, and his judgment to be con-
ed in the choice of every new one
may hereafter make. Thoſe you
ady poſſeſs are, I believe, ſecure

of ſome portion of his eſteem, and he is too much intereſted in your conſtancy and fidelity of heart, to wiſh you to be fickle towards them. I ſhall therefore depend on his full conſent to my having always the pleaſure of ſtiling myſelf

Your faithful

and affectionate friend,

H. CHAPONE.

F I N I S.